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The Week

IF the United States is not at war with China, it is no fault of the Americans in Shanghai and Peking. The business community in the former city continues to shout itself hoarse, demanding that we shall participate with Great Britain in an ultimatum to the Hankow government. This would be followed, if its terms were not met, by drastic naval measures, including a patrol on the Yangtse which would cut China in two, so far as military operations by Chinese armies are concerned. Thomas F. Millard, in a despatch to the New York World, adds the not surprising news that American diplomatic representatives in China also favor this action, and are in bitter disagreement with the present conciliatory policy of Washington. Numerous signs have already indicated that this was true. Yet it should be obvious that an attitude of good will cannot long be preserved when the men on the spot, the only official Americans whom the Chinese see, are so plainly itching to abandon reason and resort instead to the bayonet.

MEANWHILE, the inspired despatches from Shanghai have suddenly announced that the Hankow government is about to collapse. This may be true; but we should like some verification of it from sources where the wish is not so clearly father to the thought. The principle also applies to the announcements, from the same source, that Chiang Kai-shek is engaged in secret negotiations with Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian dictator, who rules in Peking. While "anything may happen in China," it seems highly unlikely that Chiang Kai-shek, whose army is held together by the ideal of nationalism and the desire to see China freed from the foreign invader, would cut his own throat either by an alliance with the notorious super-bandit, or by accepting the money and military aid which some of the foreign powers are apparently eager to offer him, in the belief that they can thus buy an extended period of immunity for their special privileges. All we can say with certainty at the moment is that active fighting between North and South has almost stopped; that Chang Tso-lin has strangled to death twenty Chinese Communists, captured in the raid on the grounds of the Soviet Legation, under circumstances which strongly suggest he is trying to embroil Russia, hoping thereby to bring active support to himself from Great Britain; and that instances of mistreatment of foreigners continue to be extraordinarily few in number, considering the state of the country and the fact that white men obstinately persist in remaining far in the interior where they run great and needless risk of mob violence.

ONCE more there has come from a distinguished group of experts the suggestion that the administration may be wrong on an important phase of its foreign policy. A number of the leading international jurists of the country, attending the twenty-first annual meeting of the American Society of International Law in Washington, April 28 to 30, were practically unanimous in declaring that the dispute between the governments of the United States and Mexico over application of the new oil and land laws to American investors is an "entirely proper subject for arbitration." The discussion of the Mexican and Nicaraguan situations developed in the course of a formal session devoted to the subject of "confiscation"; it was not on the program of the meeting, and received scanty mention, or none at all, in the press. Among the members of the Society

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who declared flatly in favor of arbitration of the Mexican dispute were such distinguished jurists and teachers of law as Professor Edwin M. Borchard of Yale University, Frederick R. Coudert, New York lawyer, Professor Philip C. Jessup of Columbia University, Professor Eldon James of Harvard, and Charles Warren, lawyer and author, of Washington. President Coolidge had just declared to the United Press Associations in New York that "under the present circumstances I can see grave difficulties in formulating a question which the two governments would agree to submit to a tribunal." The White House spokesman, now happily defunct, had but recently reiterated that "the rights of American property holders in Mexico are not a subject for arbitration." And yet there were about 150 of the most eminent jurists in the country, members of a society headed by former Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes, flatly contradicting the President and Lawyer Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State. Every speaker at the session believed arbitration offered the only just method of determining whether the Mexican oil and land laws are confiscatory; not one member arose from the floor to dispute the assertion made by Professor Borchard that "there is a decided question as to whether a change of system applying to everybody in the country is contrary to international law. Only an impartial tribunal can determine whether the Mexican laws constitute confiscation of American property."

PROFESSOR Borchard pointed out that the real issue between the United States and Mexico is "confiscation," and proceeded to show that many of our own state laws have been taken to the Supreme Court on the charge that they were confiscatory, only to be upheld by that tribunal. Every lawyer, he declared, knows how difficult it is to determine when confiscation is actually involved in an act of legislation. Why, then, should the United States government attempt to enforce its own interpretation of the Mexican laws, when the only fair settlement of the question would be to seek the opinion of an impartial tribunal? Recently Secretary of the Treasury Mellon answered, in writing and at some length, the declaration of a group of university professors that the foreign debt policy of the administration was decidedly weak in spots. It would be interesting to see the sort of document that Secretary Kellogg might put out if his critics within the American Society of International Law should put their objections to his Mexican policy in the form of a letter.

CONSIDERING it abstractly, there is every reason to approve M. Briand's proposal that France and the United States shall agree to outlaw war as a means of settling all future disputes. The project is excellent; we should like nothing better than to see America sign such an agreement, not merely with France but with every other country. Why, then, has this proposal, which M. Briand meant to be taken with the greatest seriousness, been almost ignored in the United States, despite the earnest efforts of President Nicholas Murray Butler to pump up excitement about it? One reason is that America cannot conceive of any quarrel with France which would be likely to result in a resort to arms, and therefore regards the proposed agreement as superfluous. True, this sense of security is perhaps unwise; in 1912, war with Germany seemed equally unthinkable to the average man; no one can say with assurance that today's friends may not become tomorrow's foes. Nevertheless, the feeling exists, and helps to explain the apathy with which M. Briand's proposal has been received.

GOVERNOR Fuller of Massachusetts has reprieved Celestino Madeiros, a convicted murderer who is under sentence of death. Madeiros is an important witness in the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, since he has confessed that a criminal group of which he was one of the members actually did the killing for which the two Italian radicals have been doomed to die. The reprieve is the most important indication we have yet had that the Governor may be intending to exercise his power of clemency, either with or without a review of the evidence by an unofficial advisory commission. Meanwhile, statements and letters in regard to the case continue to pour in upon the Governor by the thousand, and reveal with extraordinary clarity what things their various writers hold to be of fundamental importance in the American theory and practice of justice.

ONE of these documents, which can only be described as an amazing and deplorable performance, is a long attack on the article by Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard Law School, discussing the case, in the March issue of the Atlantic Monthly. The attack came from Dean John H. Wigmore of the Law School of Northwestern University, and was published in the Boston Evening Transcript. Dean Wigmore's statement is a whole-hearted defense of Judge Thayer, an assurance that justice has been done in the case, and a violent and cruel assault upon Professor Frankfurter, making the absurd charge, among others, that he has "knowingly" enlisted in support of men who are "members of a powerful international fraternity or cabal or gang." We have no space to discuss Dean Wigmore's charges in detail. Every one of them was answered by Mr. Frankfurter in a subsequent issue of the Transcript, with quotations from the record which must satisfy any fair-minded person that the allegations of Dean Wigmore are groundless. The main contention, based on an apparent, unbelievable ignorance of Massachusetts law, that the Supreme Court had in fact passed upon the merits of the case, Mr. Frankfurter disproves by quoting from the opinion of the court itself. Ellery Sedgwick,

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editor of the Atlantic Monthly, in a letter of his own to the Transcript, characterized Dean Wigmore's performance in terms which leave little to be added:

> To many citizens, the real contravention of propriety in the whole discussion lies in the flippant and impulsive tone of Dean Wigmore's remarks. This is a time of life and death. Issues in which the honor of a State—even the reputation of a Nation—are involved, demand discussion free from personal abuse and the bitter taint of prejudice. . . . I will merely state that the demonstrated inaccuracy of Dean Wigmore's facts seems at this pregnant moment singularly unfortunate. His contention follows Judge Thayer's expressed opinions with such devotion, and his lack of information regarding the official record of the case is so marked that only confidence in the scrupulous fidelity of the judiciary to the tradition that a judge shall confine his influence to the court-room prevents all suspicion as to the prime source of Dean Wigmore's information.

THE revival of the nationalist conception of political economy, which has followed the War in Europe, finds expression in the new French protective tariffs aimed against imports of automobiles and other manufactures from the United States. Since this country has been following precisely the same nationalist tariff policy for many years, it has no logical right to object. It will, however, object, particularly because the automobile manufacturers, facing a saturated home market, see no outlet for their producing capacity except abroad. This will probably involve counter-demands from France and a movement toward reciprocity, by which each nation's more important products for export may be admitted to the other. One would have supposed it would be less wasteful and cumbersome for both countries to start with a low tariff policy in the first place. But the logic of general interest does not apply to the tariff. One might as well argue with Central-African chieftains and the witch doctors who support them that there is no virtue in devil worship, as to argue with Republican politicians in the United States and the protected manufacturers who support them, or with the Poincarés of France, that tariffs which disrupt a world economy are bad for nearly everyone. For the witch doctors and the protected manufacturers are involved in the "nearly."

TWO important announcements were made last week in regard to freedom of utterance over the radio. In the past, most broadcasting stations have been in the hands of large corporations, and have displayed the conservatism and timidity which are characteristic of such organizations. However, speaking at a meeting arranged by the American Civil Liberties Union in New York City, Mr. M. H. Aylesworth, President of the National Broadcasting Company, made the definite statement that his organization—which owns one important station, WEAF, manages another, WJZ, and supplies much material to nearly forty more—recognizes its public responsibility and proposes to live up to it. He promises that, in the future, controversial political and social issues will be discussed for radio listeners from every point of view, except that of the advocate of violent revolution. The only restrictions are that the speakers selected shall be competent and not too uninteresting, and shall stay within the time limits set for them in advance—something which political speakers seemingly find it particularly hard to do.

ON the following evening, speaking at a dinner of the National League of Women Voters in Washington, a similar encouraging declaration was made by Henry A. Bellows, a member of the new Federal Radio Commission created under the law passed by the recent Congress. Speaking officially, he pointed out that while the new radio law does not give the government the right to censor programs in detail, it does have the power to suspend the operation of any station failing to give service which justifies its monopolizing one of the limited number of channels of communication. It is strictly up to the public to say whether this is the case or not. If the director does not play fair, in the broadcasting of controversial subjects or otherwise, the aggrieved citizens should write to the Federal Radio Commission and say so. If enough persons register complaints of this sort, there is at least a good chance that the station's license may be cancelled in favor of someone else who will make better use of it. Despite the current skepticism expressed by Mr. H. G. Wells and others, the New Republic believes that the radio may have enormous potentialities in the field of dissemination of ideas. It welcomes these indications that the radio is not to be an instrumentality almost exclusively devoted to the cause of reaction.

EVERYBODY agrees there is something wrong in the oil industry. The producers are suffering from overproduction, which lowers to unprofitable levels the prices they get from the refineries. The consumers, hearing of this misfortune, wonder why they do not benefit from it to the tune of more than a cent or two to the gallon of gasoline. The more intelligent experts who have the public good at heart not merely regret the too rapid extraction of oil from the ground when the total supply in this country is known to be strictly limited, but regret the waste which goes with the necessity for storage, and the many wastes which go with competitive extraction of oil. It is said that the producing industry needs control, and that for control, combination or coöperation is desirable. The Oil Conservation Board recommends, to this end, suspension of the anti-trust laws in oil. But the extraction industry, unlike the refining and distributing processes, seems to be unable to coöperate or

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combine. Soon we are likely to hear calls for government aid in enforcing combination, just as we have already heard one in the bituminous industry.

Order in Nicaragua vs. Self-Government

THE article of Mr. Linton Wells, on another page of this issue, outlining the new policy which the administration is about to undertake in Nicaragua, does not reveal any great secret. It has been evident for many weeks that the State Department was perpetuating disorder rather than promoting order in that country, and that it would either have to beat a retreat or try something else. The sending of Mr. Henry J. Stimson to Nicaragua was at once a confession of failure and a warning of the probable adoption of a more aggressive policy, and all the news which has since leaked out has confirmed this interpretation. The State Department now proposes to put an end to the present disorder by frank and thorough-going intervention. It will lend to the present government, ameliorated by certain adhesions from the "liberals," the support of the Marines until the end of the term of Diaz, and then will stage an election in which an attempt will be made to obtain a fair expression of their preference from the voters of Nicaragua. If they prefer a "liberal," the "liberal" will be seated and recognized by the government of the United States.

The new policy of the administration is a substantial improvement on its predecessor. Hitherto the State Department has attempted to create an orderly government in Nicaragua by recognizing a revolutionary dictator whose attitude was favorable to this country, but whose legal title was doubtful and whose popular following was insufficient. In spite of recognition, in spite of assistance in arms and ammunition and in spite of the neutralized areas which prevented the rebels from fighting Diaz effectively, the Diaz government could not overcome the rebellion. Evidently the State Department picked a man whom the Nicaraguans would not have. In the meantime, the revolutionary disorder was having disastrous effects on the welfare of the Nicaraguan people. What to do? The obvious alternative was to compel the two factions to cease fighting and then to try to repair the damage. Frank and efficient intervention will be substituted for disguised and ineffective partisanship. The Liberals will, if necessary, be suppressed by the armed forces of the United States, but, if possible, they will also be placated by being admitted into the government and by being promised a fair election in 1929.

There is, of course, another way out. The State Department could withdraw recognition and turn Diaz over to the tender mercy of the rebels, but that course is really not possible. Besides being the admission of a mistake by an august Power, which is never mistaken unless it suffers military defeat, it would scarcely be fair to Diaz. The United States will now, without any pretense of legality, take over for the time being the government of Nicaragua, but in the interest of a new deal which is supposed to be fair to both sides. The policy has, of course, its doubtful aspects, even from the State Department's point of view. If the election in 1928 results in the choice of a "liberal" who is unfriendly to the United States, as it well may, what will the State Department do about it? How complete is the responsibility which the administration has assumed for government in Nicaragua? How can the administration assume even partial responsibility for political order in that country without regularizing and defining its license to intervene? At present it intervenes or does not intervene to any extent and on any pretext that it sees fit, and its intervention, although the consent of Congress is not asked, is either illegal or can be rendered legal only by being classified as an act of war. How to regularize the kind of interference which the State Department decides is necessary in Nicaragua?

These questions should be recognized as important and should be candidly and thoroughly discussed. The State Department and the President seek to evade both candid and thorough discussion. Mr. Coolidge refers to the questioning of the policy of the administration as a form of disloyalty. Yet his own account of his policy contains obvious contradictions which weaken its effectiveness and confuse public opinion. According to the official account, the objectives of his Central American policy are two-fold. He intends to protect the life and property of citizens of the United States in those countries, and he intends to protect the safety of the Panama Canal and the right of the United States to build a similar canal across Nicaragua. He indignantly repudiates the accusation that this policy is imperialist, or implies any denial of self-government to the Central American countries. Yet, as it is now carried on, it is equivalent to the domination of the whole region between the Rio Grande and the Panama Canal by the interests and power of the United States. The protection of property, from his point of view, justifies the State Department in imposing the Fourteenth Amendment to our Constitution, as interpreted by our courts, upon the Mexican legal system, while he assumes that the right to build a canal in Nicaragua is a sufficient justification for taking over, whenever our interests demand it, the government of that country. But this policy is not one of law and right; it is one of power and prestige. It assumes that the laws about property in the United States, and its national interests as expounded by the State Department, are intrinsically just and fully entitled to prevail, but they do not prevail by virtue of the acquiescence of the people of Mexico or Central America. They prevail, if at all, by virtue of the overwhelming

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economic and military preponderance of the United States.

This preponderance is a fact of major importance which it would be unrealistic to ignore. It is a good deal to expect that a country with the huge population, the vast wealth and self-righteous state of mind of the United States should permit its smaller neighbors perversely to threaten its welfare or endanger the life and property of its citizens. But in the case of a dispute, who is to judge? At present, the United States judges for both parties. According to Mr. Coolidge, it always judges rightly, which is the reason why the accusation of imperialism is unfair. But, obviously, this self-justification is a little too easy. In many instances, a dispute involves a conflict between exclusive interests, and there is no perfectly fair middle course, even though the lawyers of the State Department were capable of selecting it. If the State Department, consequently, pursues its present policy, it will eventually have to act throughout the whole of that region as it is now acting in Nicaragua. It will exercise a paternal supervision over Central America, no matter whether the Central Americans or the Mexicans like it or not. It will exercise this supervision without asking for congressional consent, until it has involved the country in war, and on the proclaimed assumption that whatever it says and does is right. A policy of this kind will bring the United States eventually into collision with Mexico and will demand for its success the armed occupation of the whole territory south of the Rio Grande.

As the New Republic has frequently pointed out, there is only one way of separating the justifiable and the humane from the unjustifiable and the imperialist aspects of this policy. Admitting fully the desirability of introducing into Central America the habits of responsible and orderly government, it is essential that the order should be international. The State Department cannot command these people, in the name of order, always to obey the legal conceptions and always to avoid crossing the economic interests of the United States. The permanent source of order for this region can only be derived from an international body in which the Central American states and, if possible, Canada also is represented. Such is the goal towards which American progressives should work. It will take a long time to reach it. The government will, in the meantime, doubtless try to define its responsibilities and regularize its procedure, but its policy in this respect will probably be that of persuading or forcing the Central American states to accept American supervision in a form similar to the Platt Amendment as it applied to Cuba. But, of course, Mexico will never submit to such a mitigation of its sovereignty except as a result of being conquered, and that is why Mexico is the key to the situation, and opposition to the coercion of Mexico the major plank in a progressive foreign policy. The State Department cannot carry on a war with Mexico by means of Marines. The coercion of Nicaragua is police work. But the coercion of Mexico means war. The people of the United States like to think of themselves as policemen, but they do not as yet like to declare war or to bind themselves to policies which cannot be realized without war.

More about Catholicism and the Presidency

GOVERNOR SMITH'S answer to Mr. Charles Marshall's open letter has put an end, for the time being, to the newspaper discussion of his Catholicism as an obstacle to his presidential ambition, but the question is still fermenting in the public mind. Since the New Republic started the discussion in its issue of March 23, we have been fairly deluged with letters from agitated readers, and they are still arriving in large quantities. Some of the more recent and better letters are published on another page. Those of Mr. R. Clyde White and Mr. Morrison I. Swift are particularly worth attention.

In Mr. White's opinion, the situation of a Catholic in respect to the presidency is in no way essentially different from that of a Protestant. While a clerical Catholic should be excluded from the presidency, so should a conspicuously intolerant Protestant. In both cases this penalty would be imposed almost automatically as a result of the "heterogeneity" of the American people. A Catholic layman should not be singled out for particular cross-examination as to the effect of his religious opinions on his political behavior. It is sufficient to insist that a fundamentalist in religion of any sort would be an anomaly in the office of President.

There is something to be said for Mr. White's protest. If a Christian, belonging to any particular sect, bases upon his sectarian creed some absolute rule of political conduct, such as non-resistance or unqualified anti-Catholic intolerance, which would have undesirable political consequences, he should and does disqualify himself for consideration as a presidential candidate. But this useful warning does not tell the whole story. The difference between fundamentalist and liberal religious convictions has a great deal to do with the disqualification as it works in the case of a Protestant, but very little as it comes up in the case of a Catholic. All Catholics must be fundamentalists in matters of dogma, but the absolutism of their creed may or may not warp the fabric of their political judgments. In the case of a humane man, like Al Smith, who is, in the best sense, politically minded, there is no reason to believe that it would. But there are many Catholics who claim to be more "liberal" in their theological opinions than Al Smith, whose attitude toward Mexico, for instance, justifies the suspicion that, as President, they would allow their religious loyalties to exercise an unwholesome influence upon their polit-

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ical behavior. No doubt, Protestant fundamentalism is, in one respect, threatening a more immediately dangerous attack on sound American political practice than is any group in the Catholic Church. For it is trying to subordinate the teaching in the public schools to theological propaganda. But the dependence of the Protestants on the public schools for the education of their children places the non-evolutionary Protestant in a tight place as compared to the non-evolutionary Catholic. The latter can send his children to the Catholic schools, from which any doctrine which is heretical is excluded. The former cannot. The American Catholic neutralizes the political consequences of his religious fundamentalism by insisting on incommensurable planes of action for religion and politics. The Protestant frequently acts on the same theory in his ordinary economic and political behavior, but in the matter of public education he cannot escape from the consequences of his credal absolutism. The organization of his Churches does not provide him with any method of protecting his children from being contaminated by what he believes to be irreligious teaching in the public schools.

Yet the special schools, which the fundamentalist Catholics use to free themselves from the dilemma of fundamentalist Protestants, constitute, perhaps, the clearest justification for submitting Catholic candidates for the presidency to an unusually searching cross-examination. The Catholic Church seeks, by means of its schools, to carry on a spiritual life of its own independent of the general movement of American national culture. It has always been and will try always to remain a stranger among the household gods of the American pantheon. There is about it something foreign which, no matter how it is at times obscured and belittled in ordinary intercourse, is always conspicuous on important ceremonial occasions. When the Eucharist Congress assembled in Chicago, about this time last year, it created the impression of being a magnificent demonstration of power by an historic state Church, which survived by virtue of a culture and a logic alien to that of America. As M. André Siegfried says in his recently published book, "America Comes of Age": "The Catholic Church is a thing apart in the heart of the American body politic. It collaborates in its own time and in its own way, but in the long run it remains distinct and does not fuse."

It is the feeling that Catholics are subservient to an organization and a system of authority of foreign origin and with foreign interests that, in the minds of Americans, tends to disqualify a Catholic for the presidency. The feeling is, of course, frequently exaggerated into a wholly unreasonable and obnoxious suspicion, but in so far as it applies to candidates for the presidency, it will never be banished by appeals to the principle of toleration. While the American nation will always welcome and, we hope, grant freedom of utterance to the adherents of all kinds of orthodoxies and heresies, it will not necessarily invite them all to the White House. The President has become, in the minds of the American people, the personal symbol of the independence, the integrity and the self-government of their Republic. The Constitution requires that, unlike any other political official, he be born on American soil. Obviously, there are many naturalized Americans who would make better Presidents than many native Americans, as the Fathers very well knew, but native Americans are more likely to understand and share the basic traditions of American life. Those Americans who ask that a presidential candidate be above suspicion of being unduly influenced in his political decisions by sources of authority of foreign origin are merely carrying on the spirit of this constitutional provision.

The Catholic Church will remain an alien guest in the American body politic as long as it tries to form the minds of American Catholics by educational methods different from those which are used to form the minds of other American citizens. The parochial schools exist for the purpose of protecting the children of Catholic parents from becoming too quickly and too completely secularized and Americanized in their habits of mind. They are, we freely admit, essential to the perpetuation of a religious society with the organization and creed of the Catholic Church and, American politics and culture being as rudimentary as they are, their effort to make the children of Catholic parents good Catholics does not prevent them from being, also, good Americans. But that is partly because Catholicism has a culture in which Catholics have confidence, whereas democracy has not. The time may come when the kind of religious education which the parochial schools offer will be condemned by American educational authority as a handicap to American social and political welfare. At present, the science and the art of public education are not sufficiently mature to justify the attempt by the State to discriminate in favor of its own methods. This fact alone invalidates Mr. Morrison I. Swift's argument in favor of the suppression of parochial schools. American public education is far too experimental and tentative to justify the State in imposing it upon the children of Catholic parents. Moreover, if and when it has ceased to be experimental and when, if ever, it can successfully educate American children to behave as good citizens in a free democratic state, we feel sure it will refrain from calling in the State to outlaw the parochial schools. Public schools which were capable of using education to unfold the individual and social possibilities of its pupils would not need to compel intelligent Catholics to prefer for their children an education of this kind. It is true, nevertheless, that the education which the parochial schools now give, subordinated as it is to affirming the authority of the Catholic Church, does tend to create an alien enclave in the American body politic.

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For the present, there is no way of reaching a completely satisfactory accommodation between a society with the high and mighty pretensions of the Catholic Church and a society with the high and mighty pretensions of the American State. For the American State, as it is popularly interpreted, demands at times something like religious devotion from its citizens, and the Catholic Church has always claimed and occasionally exercised an authority which extends into the realm of politics. A conflict is, consequently, always possible, but since these high and mighty pretensions are really anachronistic survivals from an outworn culture, it will probably never come. Both the Church and the State cultivate absolutism in order to defend their privileges against attack, and in a world in which no attack takes place, they cling to the pretension but compromise its assertion. The real conflict is not between Church and State or between Catholicism and Americanism, but between a culture which is based on absolutism and encourages obedience, uniformity and intellectual subservience, and a culture which encourages curiosity, hypotheses, experimentation, verification by facts and a consciousness of the processes of individual and social life as opposed to conclusions about it. There is a kind of Americanism which is as absolutistic as Catholicism with far less reason, and there are Catholics who are admirable examples of mature liberality of spirit. Such being the general condition, it is wholly unjustified to exclude Catholics from the sanctuary of Americanism, as Mr. Swift does. Many of them tend to be more flexible and more progressive than the mass of their Protestant fellow countrymen. Yet, considering the special nature of their tradition, education and organization, it is not unreasonable to watch Catholic candidates for President with unusual care. For the nature of Catholic culture tends to make them excessively deferential to the political influence of their ecclesiastical superiors.

Shall We Have a Coal Trust?

ALTHOUGH in the past, times of strike in the bituminous coal industry have brought many suggestions for its reformation from the direction of the harassed consumers, this strike has brought none. Apparently the consumer is not harassed. It may be significant, however, that a proposal has appeared from the direction of the industry itself. In spite of the fact that there is plenty of coal—or perhaps partly because of it—in spite of the fact that two-thirds of the production is non-union, those who own and manage coal know that the industry is as badly off as ever, and this proposal may perhaps be taken as an indication of that fact.

Mr. Mark M. Jones, a management engineer who has had close contacts with the industry, has published a pamphlet entitled "One Way to Stabilize the Bituminous Industry in the United States." He begins by setting forth the well known facts of wide fluctuations in production, price and employment, the severe competition in the industry, and their deleterious effects on all concerned. Few companies are profitable. Wasteful and inefficient methods and management prevail. Some of the difficulties outlined by Mr. Jones may sound strange in the ear of the traditional economist. "Ownership and management are still in the same hands to an extent that tends to reduce the quality of management." What has Professor Ripley to say to that? "Re-financing of coal properties which have failed is reducing their capital charges against operations, and thereby tending to undermine the stronger companies at no advantage to the public—thus accentuating the instability of the industry." Apparently, then, competition does not eliminate the less fit. "Free play of supply and demand has produced a price system which unduly favors the larger coal consumer at the expense of the smaller consumer." What becomes, then, of the supposed beneficial nature of these basic "natural laws" of economics? "The anti-trust laws of the United States are the most serious barrier to stabilization of the industry because they prevent the planning and coöperation necessary to formulate and execute a stabilization program for the industry through private initiative." Apparently combination has its advantages.

Many will agree with Mr. Jones that stabilization of the industry would be for the long-run benefit of the consumer as well as of miners and managers, and many will agree that some sort of control is essential for stabilization. From this point on, however, his thesis is strikingly novel. The industry, he says, is incapable of organizing itself without outside aid. Its managers "have the psychology and habits of conflict." Therefore the government, the consumers and the bankers should turn to and organize for the industry a trust, similar in many respects to the United States Steel Corporation, which could control the industry in much the same way. We have indeed gone a long distance in this country from the days of the Sherman Law, when it is possible to suggest seriously that the government and the consumers, instead of attempting to enforce competition, should enforce combination!

The broad lines of the proposal are as follows. A holding company is to be organized controlling about 20 percent of the developed bituminous capacity of the United States. The properties to be held are to be chosen from among the companies which are at least earning their fixed charges, with a view to assembling the best qualities of a number of kinds of coal, well situated with respect to markets, and having possibilities of low-cost production. This company would have unified sales, financial and accounting organizations, but separate operating organizations for each district. Other and somewhat smaller holding companies of the same sort should be formed, all together comprising slightly less than 50 percent of the required producing capacity of the

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country. A holding company for retail distribution, also controlling less than half of the business, should also be formed.

Companies of this size could exercise a control over prices, aiming not to let the sales realization to the producer go below a certain minimum nor above a certain maximum. They could base their prices according to the district where the coal was mined. They could charge less in the summer, thus encouraging the consumer to buy in the slack season and helping to regularize production. They could reduce operating costs, introduce more efficient methods, and reduce the cost and improve the service of distribution. All these achievements would help to steady employment. Under such corporations, the employment offices, the housing systems and the company stores could be removed from the jurisdiction of local mine managers, centralized and run according to the best standards of "welfare," while other measures for employees' welfare could be introduced. Wage reductions would be forbidden, except under defined, exceptional circumstances. Forestation could be practised on idle lands. Research could be undertaken, by-products utilized, and markets extended. In short, the coal trust could bring to the coal industry substantially what well managed industrial combinations have brought to other industries.

There is nothing new in all of that; the novelty inheres in the proposals for enforcing and sustaining the combination. First, there is the part to be played by bankers and financial houses. They should decline to refinance any company which has failed, unless it be merged, under approval, with a going concern. They should study the industry with a view to discovering which mines ought to be operated and which ought not, and govern their financing accordingly. They should aid the consolidations above recommended. They should urge consumers to buy their coal continuously from one or two approved companies, regardless of price concessions that may be offered by others, and to specify their shipments regularly throughout the year.

Consumers should coöperate by dealing regularly with a few companies. They should refrain from operating mines themselves. Railroads should not encourage opening up new mines just to increase their traffic, but on the other hand should analyze the rate structure and propose changes which would aid the economical development of the industry.

It may be doubted whether the industry, bankers and consumers would coöperate in this manner without the steps which it is urged that government should take. As an emergency measure, the provisions of the anti-trust laws should be repealed as far as the bituminous industry is concerned. No new mines should be allowed to be opened without a "certificate of public necessity" granted by the proper authority. A uniform cost-accounting system should be enforced on the industry. The creation of the three large coal corporations contemplated should be "ordered." There should be created a Federal Bituminous Stabilization Board, a Federal Coal Coördinator, and ten or twelve Regional Coal Coördinators. These officials would discover and decide which mines should remain closed or unopened, and would organize a reserve holding company to take over and hold developed coal mines which still have large deposits but which are unprofitable. Not to exceed 3 percent would be paid to the owners of these mines, reckoned on the cost of the land and the cost of the equipment, less depreciation. The income to pay this dividend would be derived from taxes on the operating portion of the industry. The law should specify the maximum and the minimum sales realization to be allowed, and the board should pass on all plans for consolidations or issues of securities. The control would be limited, however, to six years. Apparently Mr. Jones believes that by that time the central corporation and the public habit would be so firmly established that competition could not destroy them.

As to labor, Mr. Jones has little to say except that the union can have nothing to contribute and that the policy of conflict should give way to a policy of coöperation. Evidently he has in mind some sort of company-controlled employee-representation plan.

The result aimed at is, quite frankly, stabilizing the industry through the agency of large private corporations, thus emulating the situation which already exists in other industries which have succumbed to modern combination. Consumers and labor have so far come to the point of tolerating these large concerns where they exist, without kicking up much fuss. But if consumers and labor are to be asked actively to help in the formation of a new trust where it does not exist, will they not rightly insist on a few more safeguards against exploitation? In spite of all the obvious advantages of large-scale operations, there remain doubts as to their automatic beneficence. It used to be said that the only alternative to competition was socialism. Apparently Mr. Jones does not think so. His proposal would involve a final sanction for private monopoly.

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The Muses Out of Work

WHEN one looks back on the American poetry of the season, one is aware of only two events which emerge as of the first interest: "The King's Henchman," by Miss Millay, and "White Buildings," by Mr. Hart Crane. Mr. E. A. Robinson's "Tristram" has been extravagantly admired in some quarters; but, though it is undoubtedly more easily readable than his other Arthurian poems, though it contains a better story more energetically told and though it is by no means poor in those flashes of moral vision which often make the worst of Robinson more interesting than the best of a good many of his contemporaries, it seems to me that these luminosities of poetry are too low-burning and evanescent to transmute the whole of a long narrative which reads at its worst like a movie scenario and at its best like a romantic novel of adultery of the nineties, full of long, well bred conversations of which the metaphysical archness sounds peculiarly incongruous in the mouths of the barbarous heroes of medieval legend. What is admirable about "Tristram" is that after now so many years during which he has been becoming more and more abstract, more and more devious and more and more spectral, Mr. Robinson should suddenly come to life to write a poem with so much vividness and animation, if not precisely with so much reality or so much art. But, with all respect for a fine poet and for one of the few really honorably won American reputations of our time, I would still give the whole of Mr. Robinson's Arthurian cycle, with its conventional romantic stage properties of unrecreated castles, seas and wars and its false starts at passionate expression always foundering in "before we knew what we were yet to see" and "until we saw as far as we should know," for a single one of his New England elegies. Miss Millay's poetic drama (which in its published form is considerably longer than the libretto used for the opera) attempts a theme much like Mr. Robinson's and, though she treats it but little less conventionally, gets out of it better poetry. Miss Millay, though with a strong dramatic instinct, has not much imagination for character; and, in writing "The King's Henchman," she seems to have been hampered by the conventions and the exigencies of an opera libretto. Nor do I think her last act so effective as her situation warrants. But in point of style, "The King's Henchman" is remarkably sustained and quite out of the class of her other plays: the language manages to remain simple without ever ceasing to be terse, original and, as it were, well seasoned. And at its high point, in the love scene of the second act, Miss Millay, instead of merely allowing her lovers, as Mr. Robinson's do, to debate about their love, succeeds in finding for their emotions a musical equivalent.

It is precisely to her mastery of the music of English verse that Miss Millay owes her preëminence (not that Mr. Robinson is not himself a master, but his music is mostly confined to the "dying fall"). The Imagists, it seems to me, inoculated American poetry with an entirely inadequate idea of what poetry ought to be: they popularized a sort of surface-poetry, poetry of description, poetry for the eye—the poetry of Amy Lowell, Mr. Sandburg and Mr. Fletcher—a poetry mainly of prose cadences and flattened prose vowels. A few years ago, the writer was discussing poetry with a number of young men of his acquaintance, all of them persons of reading and taste and one of them a distinguished follower of the Imagist tradition: it appeared, in the course of the conversation, that none of them had any use for Milton. When one confronted them with particular passages, the reason became quite plain: they were tone-deaf to Milton's effects. Compelled to apprehend "Paradise Lost" through the eye and the intellect alone, they could see nothing in the most magnificent passages but the bad taste of mixed mythology, the dreariness of obsolete theology, the clumsiness of an inexact imagination and the affectation of a tortured tongue. Wordsworth fared even worse: they thought Wordsworth about the same thing as Longfellow. They couldn't *hear* the difference between Wordsworth and Longfellow any more than they could *hear* the kinship between Wordsworth and Milton. The influence of the Imagist school has thus done much to rob American poetry, as it were, of the dimension of sound. And the dangerous example of Walt Whitman (himself a very great poet) has, paradoxically enough, rendered it even more prosaic: in borrowing from Walt Whitman, his followers seem to have appropriated nothing but the formulas of rhapsody and, for the most part, to have remained entirely insensible to the extraordinary musical gift which, for example, led Whitman, in rendering bird-song, to hit, not merely upon lyrical rhythms, but even upon combinations of vowels and consonants startlingly similar to those which Aristophanes had found to mimic the nightingale. To look only at the poetry of the present season, the work of Miss Lola Ridge, Mr. James Rorty, Mr. Virgil Geddes and Mr. Eugene Jolas, all, in one way or another, show evidence of this untuning of verse. Now, Miss Millay, who is perhaps a little deficient in visual imagination, writes as a pupil of Shakespeare and of Bach—and, in the second act of "The King's Henchman," as a pupil by no means unworthy of her masters. In the exquisite music of the love-scene, at once so irregular and so smooth, at once so exact and so free, she has reached one of the high points of her poetry. It is the magic strain which strikes our ear and which,

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with the very clear outline of its phrases and the definiteness of its images, speaks wordlessly to the heart and makes us suffer first love again, with all its awkwardness turned to beauty.

As for Mr. Crane, he is a singular case; he, too, commands a diapason. But it is a diapason of which the phrases are anything but clear and the images anything but definite. Mr. Crane has a most remarkable style, a style which is strikingly original—almost something like a great style, if there could be such a thing as a great style which was, not merely not applied to a great subject, but not, so far as one can see, applied to any subject at all. Mr. Crane's "corymbulous formations of mechanics—Who hurried the hill breezes, spouting malice Plangent over meadows" and his "great wink of eternity, Of rimless floods, unfettered leewardings, Samite sheeted and processioned" remind us a little of the poet Chivers, who wrote of "cataracts of adamant uplifted into mountains, Making oceans metropolitan for the glory of the dawn," and from whom Poe borrowed his later poetic style. One does not demand of poetry nowadays that it shall provide us with logical metaphors or with an intelligible sequence of ideas: Rimbaud is inconsecutive and confused. Yet, with Rimbaud, whom Mr. Crane somewhat resembles, we experience intense emotional excitement and artistic satisfaction; we are dazzled by the eruption of his images, but we divine what it is he is saying. But, with Mr. Crane, though he sometimes moves us, it is in a way curiously vague.

> Still fervid covenant, Belle Isle,
> —Unfolded floating dais before
> Which rainbows twine continual hair—
> Belle Isle, white echo of the oar!
>
> The imaged Word, it is, that holds
> Hushed willows anchored in its glow.
> It is the unbetrayable reply
> Whose accent no farewell can know.

Lines even so explicit as these are rare in Mr. Crane. His poetry is, as they say of French troops, a *disponible*. We are eagerly waiting to see to which part of the front he will move it: just at present, it is killing time in the cafés behind the lines.

This disproportion between language and theme is characteristic of a whole group of contemporary poets. Among writers who have published volumes during the present season, one may cite Mr. John Crowe Ransom, Mr. Foster Damon, Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim and Mr. Archibald MacLeish. Each of these, in greater or less degree, is an example of distinguished style or inventive language in the service of a soul which, at least at the moment, does not strike us as sufficiently interesting. Mr. Ransom is much the best of these—I have paid my respects to him elsewhere—but for so subtle and brilliant a writer, the impression he makes upon us is singularly mild. Mr. Bodenheim's new volume, called "Returning to Emotion," seems to me to have many ingenious figures, but little more emotion than his previous ones (yet Mr. Bodenheim is a poet and, though his books are rather disappointing when we try to read them through, he appears to excellent advantage in the selection made by Conrad Aiken for the anthology called "Modern American Poetry" in the Modern Library Series). And Mr. MacLeish, though he is polished and lettered where Mr. Crane is careless and wilful, presents also a case of a fine style which has not yet been called to the front. Mr. MacLeish simply now writes well as a poet of the age of Eliot, where he formerly, when he was first out of Yale, wrote well, if I am not mistaken, as a poet of the age of Masefield. He fails completely to convince one of the necessity of his invocation of the void (he is perhaps at his best in his satires and trifles): it is the fashion which has changed and not Mr. MacLeish who has grown, who has found his poetic identity. He writes admirable English verse: his instrument is of the very best make; but, emotionally and intellectually, I fear that, a good deal of the time, he is talking through his hat. (In general, the influence of T. S. Eliot seems rather unfortunate: it is making the young men prematurely senile; it is bad enough for Mr. Eliot to feel like Gerontion, but with him the state of mind is real and the poetry to which it gives rise has its poignancy: with his followers, it is largely a pose.)

In connection with much American poetry of the kind I have been discussing above, one gets the impression that, if the manner of it is often more interesting than the matter, it is perhaps because the poets themselves do not lead very interesting lives. Does it really constitute a career for a man to do nothing but write lyric poetry? Can such a man rightly expect the world to be interested in what he has to say?—In some cases, such a career justifies itself. But more often, I believe, it fails to. Think of the poets of Johnson's "Lives"—almost all clergymen, courtiers, statesmen, ambassadors or physicians: Waller sat in Parliament and engineered a Royalist plot; Milton was Cromwell's Latin secretary and narrowly escaped the scaffold at the time of the Restoration; Prior was ambassador to France and had a part in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht. And these three poets, so entirely different from one another, have this in common, that their work is marked and made interesting by a concern with public affairs and a large experience of the world. And even those poets who, in the Rome of Virgil and Horace as well in the England and France of the seventeenth century, played no active part in the life of their time, benefited much by their close contact with the Court, where the civilization of the age had in some respects been brought to its highest point and where the problems of the day were in the air. It is no doubt partly the fault of the American world that the poet has no part in its affairs: politics is unattractive to people of intelligence; the specialization and high

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pressure of the professions make the cultivation of literature difficult; and a central social point of vantage from which all the activities of the time may be surveyed—as from Paris, London or Rome—is apparently impossible. But from his experience of poetry and poets, the writer has finally been driven to the conclusion that a young poet in America should not be advised at the outset to give up all for the Muse—to seclude himself in the country, to live from hand to mouth in Greenwich Village or to escape to the Riviera. I should not advise him even to be an editor or to work in a publisher's office. The poet would do better to study a profession, to become a banker or a public official or even to go in for the movies. What is wrong with the younger American poets is that they have no stake in society. One does not want them to succumb to society; but one wants them, at least, to have some relation to it. If the relation is an uncomfortable or a quarrelsome one, so much, perhaps, the better. As it is, the conflicts of feeling and the criticism of society are largely left to the novelists and the dramatists. And the only emotions possible for the poets are those of sterility. The young poets who admire, and set themselves to school to, Yeats would do well to consider how much of his strength is derived from his identification of his own aims with those of his people and party. It is perhaps only the political partisan, like Yeats—or like Dante—who has the right to be disillusioned with politics; as it is perhaps only the man of the world, like Catullus or like Byron, who has the right to be insolent to the great.

One of the ways in which American poets—the poets of the opposite camp from those I have just been discussing—attempt to establish some sort of solidarity with society is by trying to immerse themselves, usually by way of Carl Sandburg and Walt Whitman, in the common life of their time. Mr. James Rorty has tried to do this and, to the writer's mind, has failed: his Canadian and Californian "landscapes" are charming, a really fresh and distinguished poetry of the West; but as a prophet of The New Masses, Mr. Rorty will convince nobody. He is at home, and a poet, in the solitudes of the mountains and the prairies, but not yet among the crowds. Mr. Eugene Jolas, in "Cinema," approaches the vulgar life of America, not through Sandburg and Whitman, but by way of Guillaume Apollinaire and the other modern French fanciers of skyscrapers and movies; but, on the whole, for all his bold and pyrotechnic images, he seems to write of American life from the outside, better informed than his European masters, but still preoccupied with the phenomena of the surface. (Mr. Jolas is, however, quite successful in writing about railroad journeys.) The writer does not, of course, disapprove of the policy which these poets have followed. He is merely discussing the success of particular poets. And before passing on from this school of poetry, one would like to call attention to the work of Mr. Kenneth Fearing which has been appearing in The New Masses. Mr. Fearing seems the most promising hard-boiled poet now on the horizon: he has an original flavor and accent, which, furthermore, seem to be thrown into relief by a genuine poet's intensity. One hopes that he will soon publish a book.

Two poets deserve a sort of separate mention: Mr. Scudder Middleton, author of "Upper Night," and Mr. Mark Van Doren, author of "7 P. M." Though neither has a very wide range, both possess musical instruments: they practise English poetry successfully. Neither is eccentric nor a follower of the literary fashion; and both convey the impression of writing their poetry "on the side," as a natural function of lives which are well occupied with other things. These other things do not in themselves seem particularly stimulating: Mr. Van Doren conveys an impression of reflective well-being, and Mr. Middleton has an attitude of slightly frustrated equanimity which are perhaps characteristic, in America, of the classes which are at once comfortable and sensitive. None the less, such experience is authentic and the poetry which it produces is authentic. Mr. Middleton's "Children of Blossom" and "Burial" and Mr. Van Doren's "7 P. M.," "Apple-Hell" and "The Crime" are among the best things of the season.

If it is true, as I have suggested, that some of the most gifted of American poets are less remarkable than they might be if they did not make the writing of poetry the exclusive pursuit of their careers, it is possible that we have here an explanation of the fact that in America the women who write poetry seem, in some ways, more interesting than the men. To be a woman is, as a rule, a career in itself, of which poetry is bound to be a by-product, but also a reflection. I have spoken of Miss Millay above; Miss Léonie Adams has, during the past year, published in magazines a considerable amount of work brilliantly up to her best standard; and Miss Louise Bogan a set of poems which surpass anything she has previously done. Miss Laura Gottschalk has brought out a first volume of verse, metaphysical rather than passionate, but distinguished by a singular irony and a fancy of authentic strangeness.

The writer has occasionally been accused of overrating the more popular irony of Miss Dorothy Parker. It is true that Miss Parker's epigrams sound like the Hotel Algonquin and not like the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses of the eighteenth century. But I believe that, if we admire, as it is fashionable to do, the light verse of Prior and Gay, we should admire Miss Parker also. She writes well: her wit is the wit of her time and place; but it is often as cleanly economic at the same time that it is as flatly brutal as the wit of the age of Pope; and, within its scope, it is a criticism of life. It has its roots in contemporary reality, and that is what I am pleading for in poetry. EDMUND WILSON.

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Our Coming Intervention in Nicaragua*

THE Chinese imbroglio has lately deprived Nicaragua of her front-page position in the newspapers. Yet the situation there is no less critical than it was several months ago. In fact, I believe the State Department is preparing to administer to this revolt-sick republic an anesthetic in the form of complete intervention, and by a painless operation remove its desire for insurrection for all time to come.

It was my good fortune to spend the first three months of this year in Nicaragua. During this period, I visited both coasts and remote sections of the interior. I discussed the situation with American and other foreign officials and residents; with Conservatives and Liberals, including the leaders; with the *mozos* on the fighting lines. I witnessed numberless battles—in short, saw and learned just about all there was to see and learn. Three weeks ago, I returned to America without having been converted to either the Conservative or Liberal cause, but more firmly opposed to war than I have ever been, particularly when it is waged for the reasons which lie behind this one in Nicaragua.

The Nicaraguan situation is the age-old story of the Ins and the Outs—with complications.

The United States government has definitely committed itself to the task of keeping President Adolfo Diaz in office until his successor is chosen at a general election, to be held during October, 1928, and inaugurated on January 1, 1929. It is equally determined to keep Dr. Juan B. Sacasa, erstwhile vice-president and leader of the present Liberal revolt, from ousting Diaz and assuming the presidency, which he claims is his by constitutional right. Almost everyone is familiar with the events leading up to the present situation, therefore they will not be reviewed here. Suffice it to say that the State Department believes Diaz was legally designated President by a legally elected Congress, which, at the same time, repudiated Sacasa. It argues that Sacasa invalidated his claims to the presidency by remaining out of the country for more than a year and enlisting the support of Mexico to carry on an insurrection. No one denies Mexico's right to sell munitions to whomever she pleases; her sin, according to the State Department, lies in the fact that, in supporting Sacasa and lending material aid in the form of arms, ammunition and, supposedly, money, she did so from an obvious desire to affront the United States. This was part of a program, it is said, which has for its purpose the undermining of American prestige in Latin America. An alliance between Sacasa and Mexico cannot be viewed other than suspiciously by the American government.

For almost eighteen months, American and other foreign lives have been threatened, and their property destroyed or confiscated, by both factions. Not intentionally, it must be admitted, but inasmuch as both armies live off the country, they show little regard for ownership when they encounter something they need, or think they need. And as foreigners live in all sections of the country, their lives are always in danger. During the thirteen years prior to August, 1925, one hundred Marines, stationed at Managua as a legation guard, acted as a deterrent to all and sundry who aspired to overthrow the government. Then the Marines were withdrawn. Twenty-five days later the present revolt began, developing into as complicated and unsavory a mess as ever disturbed the peace of any country. As a consequence, Nicaragua has degenerated to a condition where it is virtually bankrupt and is bordering on anarchy. Thousands of lives have been lost, millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed, and the economic development of the country has been retarded at least ten years.

This situation could, of course, have been relieved at any time during this period had the Marine guard been reëstablished and the disputants told, in no uncertain terms, that fighting must stop. But this was not done, for fear the reason would be misinterpreted. Believe it or not, if the State Department is threatened with the charge of "imperialism," its attachés are troubled with insomnia for weeks!

To continue the argument: the United States owns valuable canal rights in Nicaragua. There are more than 300 American and other foreign residents there. It is America's "sacred duty" to protect its own rights and, under the Monroe Doctrine, to accord protection not only to its own citizens and their property in Central America, but to those of other nations, as well. More than 3,200 Marines and sailors have been landed in Nicaragua during recent months, and fourteen war vessels have been patrolling Nicaraguan waters to prevent filibustering. This does not constitute "intervention," the State Department explains. The naval force has been landed to "protect American and other foreign lives and property." That is true. The result is, both factions have been restricted to fighting areas in remote sections of the hinterland, where

* An editorial article giving the New Republic's own attitude on the questions raised by Mr. Wells will be found on page 314 of this issue.

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they slaughter themselves to their hearts' content, while the country slowly disintegrates.

Had the State Department's policy, at the outset, been one of *intervention* rather than *interference,* many lives and considerable property would have been saved. Nicaragua would today be as peaceful as Zion City, Illinois, and on the high road to prosperity. But intervention, say the critics, would have been equivalent to committing an act of "gross, unconscionable imperialism," to protect "powerful Wall Street interests." Unfortunately for the critics, Wall Street isn't at present interested in her—or wasn't until six weeks ago, when J. and W. Seligman and Company were prevailed upon to lend a million dollars to save her from bankruptcy. This banking house, the critics may like to know, refused to accept more than 6 percent interest, when 10 had been offered!

However, Nicaragua is about to be saved from self-destruction, for *intervention is in the offing.*

On April 9, Colonel Henry J. Stimson, Secretary of War during the Taft administration, sailed to conduct an investigation into Nicaraguan affairs, as the personal representative of President Coolidge. The purpose of his visit, as described by the State Department, was to convey to the American Minister, Charles H. Eberhardt, and Admiral Julian L. Latimer, commanding the naval forces in Nicaragua, "certain views of the administration, which cannot conveniently be taken up by correspondence," and "to get information from them as to the entire situation in that country to bring back for the use of this government, which they cannot well give to us through correspondence."

Within a week, Colonel Stimson will have completed his investigation and be homeward bound, to report his findings to President Coolidge. And that report, I venture to predict, will result in immediate intervention in fact. Colonel Stimson undoubtedly was sent to Nicaragua to confirm the belief of the State Department that immediate intervention is all that will save the republic from irreparable ruin. The State Department has decided in favor of this act of benevolent despotism, I believe, regardless of the flood of accusations charging imperialism which is certain to inundate it. But it is the one humane method of treating this sick country at present, and as such, should receive the approbation of the world. Within thirty days after intervention in fact occurs, all but 500 Marines can be withdrawn, and after the general elections this number can be reduced until the old legation guard of one hundred remains. If past experience is any guide, it must be maintained at Managua indefinitely, in order to assure peace and prosperity.

Colonel Stimson is reported to have interviewed about everyone in Nicaragua who could inform him regarding the situation, except Dr. Sacasa and those of his supporters who are with him at Puerto Cabezas. Last week, he extended an invitation to the Liberal leader to confer with him at Managua. Safe conduct was guaranteed and a destroyer placed at his disposal. But Sacasa displayed his usual reluctance to attend conferences, delegating three members of his "cabinet" instead. These gentlemen — Dr. Leonardo Arguello, Minister of Hacienda; Dr. Rodolfo Espinosa, Minister for Foreign Affairs; and M. Cordero Reyes, private secretary to Dr. Sacasa—left Puerto Cabezas April 27, aboard the destroyer Preston, and arrived at the capital April 30. It is said they are fully empowered to act for the Liberals in considering the following proposals which Colonel Stimson will submit, that:

> (1) Adolfo Diaz will remain president until the expiration of his term, December 31, 1928.
>
> (2) Both Liberals and Conservatives will disarm completely and disband their forces.
>
> (3) Peace and order will be established and maintained by the Marine force of occupation and a constabulary temporarily officered by Marines.
>
> (4) A limited American force will be maintained in Nicaragua for an indefinite period.
>
> (5) The Liberals will be assured of participation in the present government and courts.
>
> (6) The United States will guarantee supervision of the 1928 elections to insure the honest election of a government, which will be recognized, regardless of party.
>
> (7) All confiscated property will be restored to its rightful owners and damage claims adjusted.

I cannot express optimism over the successful outcome of this conference. There is nothing new in the proposals. They have been submitted to Sacasa before and he has rejected them, while the Conservatives have accepted them *in toto.* Their simple submission to the Liberal delegates will bring forth counter-proposals, demands for compromises. But these proposals are reasonable, and there can be no compromises. Colonel Stimson, I believe, is convinced of this, but is hopeful of achieving the desired results through moral suasion rather than threats of drastic action by the United States. But the latter method is the only one which the Liberals will understand fully. If Colonel Stimson were to assume a Bismarckian attitude and thunder, "Sign!" they would sign—no question about that.

Both Dr. Sacasa and the commanding general of his forces, Jose Maria Moncada, have told me they would submit to a *demand* by the United States that they disarm. Reluctantly, perhaps, but still they would submit. The Liberals will never fight an American force, they said. They will have to, if the present situation continues, for it is inevitable that an American or other foreigner will be killed unless peace occurs soon. If the demand to disarm were made, they would protest, of course, then assume the role of martyr, disarm and disband their forces, under a general amnesty agreement, and thank their lucky stars for the opportunity. No one realizes better than they that their cause is lost.

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They know, as everyone else knows, that unless a peace agreement is concluded or the United States intervenes in the near future, the main Liberal force will disintegrate into small guerrilla bands that will prey upon villages and keep the country in a constant turmoil without accomplishing anything.

There aren't a hundred people in Nicaragua who want this idiotic rebellion to be prolonged, or wanted it started, in the first place. Only a very select few have anything to gain. The *Nicaraguense* are essentially honest and industrious. War is farthest from their thoughts. But they are not permitted to work. Every man on whom either side can lay its hands is inducted into the army and sent into battle, regardless of party affiliation, although it must be admitted that the average Nicaraguan is not even remotely interested in politics, and votes for the candidate his employer designates or the one that appeals most to his psychology.

Colonel Stimson, I am convinced, has learned all this, but is determined to leave no stone unturned to find a peaceful solution to the situation, short of intervention. If he succeeds, he is deserving of the commendation of the world; if he fails, he has done his best and can pursue no other course than to recommend to the President that intervention shall in fact occur immediately, and the warring factions be made to lay down their arms. The President will, of course, act upon his recommendation.

Then the friendly aid of the United States can be used to help Nicaragua along the rocky road of reconstruction. American money will be available to develop her enormously rich natural resources. In the not-distant future, construction of the trans-Nicaraguan canal will be started, and this, I venture to say, will alter the political complexion of Central America.

The United States is to be the political policeman of these five recalcitrant republics. It is, in my opinion, a responsibility which can no more be ignored than the government's responsibility to the people of the United States. LINTON WELLS.

The Meaning of Suicide

THIS article will discuss the meaning of suicide to the individual who commits the act. I shall not attempt to discuss the social conditions which are usually assumed to be contributing causes.

Much newspaper comment and popular hysteria have been aroused by recent suicides among youths in schools and colleges. Investigation has shown that, actually, fewer young people have committed suicide in recent years than formerly. An understanding of some of the meanings of suicide may somewhat placate the prevalent hysteria. We cannot hope to find some one fundamental cause for either suicide or happiness, and eradicate the first or make more prevalent the latter, thereby bringing about the millennium. It is folly to attack some one thing, as, for instance, one particular occupation, because a person engaged in it ends his life. Practically every vocation, every sphere of human activity, has its suicides.

Careful analysis of the meaning of suicide in the cases of quite a large number of people of various ages and nationalities, who have made desperate attempts to take their lives, but have been saved, or suffered from fear of being unable to control such compulsions, has given us much useful understanding of many of its causes, and how their effects can be readjusted.

There is, in every fairly normal person, a vital urge to love life, to live, grow, enjoy and preserve life as long as possible. This urge is essentially physiological, and hence is subject to many variations and changes. When it works in certain ways, it promotes love of living, health, virility and happiness. When it works in other ways, it produces ill health, impotence and anxiety. It may become so displaced and turned about as to produce a compulsion toward the degeneration of the personality and even toward death.

Theoretically, a regressive conversion of the feelings or emotions, from love of life toward suicide, can occur in any personality which is forced to live under sufficiently oppressive conditions. Actually, however, most people manage to wriggle through and "carry on," somehow, despite a certain amount of regressive or suicidal inclination. When there is fear of increased pressure toward suicide in oneself, such an act on the part of any other likable person is made to seem all the more horrible. This very horror has some value as self-protection, when reinforced by religious convictions of immortality and of future punishment if one fails to "play the game through." The desire to go on living is reinforced by faith in immortal happiness, and the hope of some realization of love here on earth, today or tomorrow. Thus common sense and organized religion contribute enormously toward making life seem worth living.

When we consider the meaning of suicide in terms of its emotional causes, (ignoring the less important matter of how it is done) we find that at least eight different patterns of feeling may compel suicide, as follows:

(1) The act prompted by the belief that religious devotion and loyalty compel devotees to follow a king, husband or chief beyond the grave.

(2) Fanatical experiments based upon belief in a new form of life after the death of the body.

(3) Suicide chosen as an honorable alternative in preference to execution for military dishonor.

(4) Self-inflicted death after a person has become a serious incumbrance to his companions when they are unable to care for him without greatly increasing danger to themselves, as in times of famine, shipwreck or war.

(5) Suicide of captives, to escape torture or slavery.

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(6) Suicide as an impulsive act forced by delirious erotic pressure.

(7) Suicides of guilt and shame—to escape punishment for crime, embezzlement, social ostracism, disease, misfortune, insanity or uncontrollable sexual habits.

(8) Suicides of revenge, compelled by brooding, feelings of injury or a conviction of the futility of love.

This last group is by far the largest in America today, and therefore interests us most. The remainder of this paper will be given to a discussion of its meaning. The processes by which love of life is converted into love for death are the matter of chief importance here.

When the vital feelings press outward, forward, onward, toward building up situations and personal relations which are more or less satisfying, the joy of living is realized. The finer the quality of feeling, the less there is of selfish demand for power, lust, revenge or flattery, the more humanitarian, the more just and fair, the more "sporting," is the individual's action, then the greater becomes the thrill of life found in winning one's everyday struggles. When people live in such patterns of functioning they do not, cannot, commit suicide.

To practise the love of living and know how to live is an art which must be learned by experience and education, through at least some degree of understanding of the emotional forces which constitute the personality, and by learning how to satisfy them through actual creative living. When this art is once developed and has been well adapted to the realities of everyday life, it is not likely to be destroyed even by disappointment, misfortune, disease, poverty or persecution. The physician never finds a compulsion toward suicide in people who are able to love, or cherish the hope of some day doing so.

All suicidal compulsions of which we have had first-hand knowledge, through psychoanalysis, have been among persons who have never fully developed the capacity to love, who, upon meeting with certain forms of personal relations, have had their emotions turned back and so displaced as to produce an insidious compulsion, in some particular manner, towards death. The tendency to suicide becomes greater in proportion as the possibilities of feeling and realizing love are believed to be lost, and as the influences toward feelings of futility of love increase. Double sets of opposing internal emotional forces in the personality and the external influences of other people are at work, a fact which must be understood in order to understand the behavior of these individuals.

In every personality, either more or less rudimentary and repressed, or too active and indulged, is the infantile wish to return to the mother as a source of comfort, protection, encouragement, admiration, condonement and erotic pleasure. When these affections for the mother regress to a prenatal level, and pull backwards toward a complete abandonment of all love for higher living, and when, on the other hand, the game of growing up and finding love in new forms among other people is felt to be too cruel and to present insurmountable obstacles, the tendency to suicide is increased, because the energy for living is "flowing backward." This situation produces a regressive trend of feeling, with elaboration of thoughts concentrated around the mother memories and phantasies, with lessened power to meet the challenges and stresses of everyday life.

But another factor must enter into the situation to complete the formation of the compulsion to suicide. This is the impulse toward revenge, toward punishing others by destroying oneself. The suicide "gets even" with those who are attached to him by ties of blood, or legal relationships, or business associations. He feels that by his death, those who, he believes, have wronged him, must suffer confusion, regret, horror and eternal memory of their neglect and injustice. He indulges the belief that they can never again really be free to forget their unkindness. The temptation to employ this method of getting even grows insidiously in the subconscious mind. At first indulged as a subtly pleasureful phantasy, it finally, after much repetition, gets beyond control.

The suicidal person has the habit from infancy of offering his love with "tender-minded" egotism, and without a saving sense of humor. Thus he lays himself open to depressing reactions when he is jilted, or received with ridicule, scorn, laughter or indifference. In the moment when this sensitive, unhealthy, self-conscious love is offered, the person who is expected to return it feels its weakness and is irresistibly tempted to reject it. This rebuff produces pain and hate. The confusion of emotion is usually badly concealed and causes further indifference in the love-object, perhaps with teasing or sarcasm. The condition becomes critical if the individual is exposed to repeated necessity for suppressing baffled, futile love.

If the rejected, "tender-minded" lover is able to fly into a jealous rage at the person who forced the suppression and "makes a mess of things," he at least becomes comfortable again, even though he may be difficult to live with. This pattern, when the emotions are intense, often leads to homicide—and homicide may prevent suicide. The fear of punishment for homicidal acts protects both individuals and society from such ways of getting revenge. Then the suppressed affections turn toward suicide and the act is often the logical substitute for homicide. Looking at such tragic dilemmas from the viewpoint of society's welfare, it is better that the weaker should commit suicide. Looking at them with the psychopathologist's understanding, we see that neither homicide nor suicide is the necessary sequel to an intolerable love. The two infatuated persons who ride the weaker to death with ecstasies of obsessed power can be halted and

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brought to their senses. The third person, who is sinking into a mire of confused, repressed love and hate, which must destroy someone or itself, can be psychoanalyzed out of the situation and induced to make a healthful emotional readjustment, provided he or she is not too proud to admit the weakness of suppressed, sulking, brooding hate and the wish for revenge. It is, after all, a most embarrassing confession of self-love and infantile trickery, to admit the wish to be loved without first trying to win love by giving it. Anyone caught in this trap is automatically subjected to ostracism, because the group is driven to like the stronger and scorn the weaker.

We find that adults, whether married or single, as well as younger people, who are habitually caught in such emotional dilemmas, are those who have been so repeatedly entangled in childhood as to be utterly unable to understand what happens to their affections. With remarkable uniformity, they make themselves forget the significant details of the unhappy experience, and focus all interest upon the symptoms of anxiety, decreasing power to work, and the preoccupation of thought which harass them. Love and hate have become so repressed and displaced that they work destructively within the personality, like uncontrollable forces, beneath the subconscious levels. It is difficult to induce them to recall these experiences and bring the displaced, painful affections to the surface, because by vigorous concentration they have developed compensatory, protective feelings of obstinacy and pride.

Thus we are often surprised because the suicide is one who has been noted for his wit and gaiety, by which he has concealed his tragic loss of capacity to love.

When no compensation is attempted, or when the compensatory feelings break down, we have dejection, self-pity, vagueness, confusion and anxiety. Sufficient expression of sympathy, shared suffering and apology, by those who have offended the introvert, often works miracles of emotional readjustment. After the suppression of the feeling of injury has occurred, it is most difficult for the sufferer to become conscious of, and admit to others, the fact that such little matters as flirtatious glances, ridicule, indifference, produced so much suppression and confusion. This is probably true because previous admissions of the same sort have been received with pretensions of innocence, and the proffering of superior advice, upon the part of the offenders. They often say to the victim, "Aren't you funny? We don't understand you at all. Come on, snap out of it!" Thus making the situation more acute and unforgivable.

The suffering introvert has generally had to endure brooding over the jilting of weak love from early childhood. Usually we find that the parents have flirted together, or with a favorite child, while the pathological child's love was being crucified. Many repetitions make this pattern habitual, and it persists through adolescence and comes to a crisis in maturity.

The child is compelled to protect itself by concealing its jealous love while in the presence of those who would tease it indirectly, by innuendo and flirtation. This concealed emotion then satisfies itself in phantasies of "doing something to get even," such as running away, becoming a criminal, or wishing to be dead in order to make someone sorry.

Each experience which forces a suppression of love, hate, jealousy, occurs under particular conditions, which, in some manner as yet unknown, seem to determine in which of the vital organs the derangement of vital tension will occur. This unyielding, localized tension and anxiety in the heart, head, throat, stomach, intestines or thyroid, finally becomes the central factor in the impulse toward self-destruction, because the obsessive quality of feeling, which is continuously aroused by the tense organ, cannot be dissolved and can no longer be endured. Every artifice, whether religious, suggestive or affectionate in character, fails to free the personality.

We find that many people who repeatedly attempt suicide tend to attack the same vital organ in different ways, and their analysis usually shows that at the time of the attempt this region was causing the distress. They often speak of it as an indescribable, unendurable, gnawing anxiety or misery, producing endless preoccupation of thought and ingrowing constriction of imagination, with fatal reduction of powers for working, playing or thinking.

In many people, probably because of a variety of hopeless love experiences, these feelings are not so localized, but are more migratory and generalized. In such cases, we may expect them to follow fads of suicide. A few days previous to the act, they will identify themselves with the individual mentioned in a newspaper story of suicide, who may be a similar or a likable, tragic personality, such as a famous actress, a statesman or a popular member of society. Because of this process of identification, certain buildings, bridges, chairs in parks, rooms in hotels, exert a fascination. Probably those who commit suicide there identify themselves with the previous users and create in phantasy a new love relationship, while making someone suffer for an old failure.

Often a single violent, unsuccessful attempt at suicide satisfies the suppressed feelings so thoroughly that, after recovery, no further inclination is felt, and none may recur, provided the shock produces, by after effect, a conversion of feeling toward love of life. But if the personality does not change, and no emotional readjustment occurs after the attempt, it is quite likely that the unfortunate person will again become obsessed to repeat the act.

On the basis of a compelling, introverted, emotional pressure toward death, we can understand

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why some people become more despondent after serious diseases or misfortunes. Also, suggestive influences toward death, resulting from a previous suicide by a member of the family or a close friend, will impel brooding people to identify themselves with the other person, thereby insidiously influencing them to a similar course.

When the inhibited, sore, jealous feelings are reinforced by self-pity, and the suppressive attitudes of the family or associates are too aggressive or elusive to be attacked outright, then any sort of morbid, gloomy material is used for relieving phantasy. Under these conditions the morbid in literature, drama and art, or events involving social disaster, death, crime or injustice have a marked suggestive value. When the unjust, inconsiderate, suppressive attitudes of his friends and family can be attacked, the potential suicide becomes converted into a zealous, usually obsessed reformer, because he can retaliate for his inhibited, hurt feelings through constructive work. If the reformation is fairly successful, these individuals may now become healthy forces in a revolutionary social movement, usually toward a more humanitarian state, but sometimes, as in the case of Napoleon, toward an insatiable lust for power and grandeur.

Sometimes such inhibited personalities find solutions in a fortunate marriage or the birth of a child, which makes life quite enjoyable. Such solutions are precarious, however, because, when this relationship is broken up through divorce or death, all support for this happiness is lost. Then the sufferer is plunged into an abyss of hopeless regressive feeling, which compels toward death.

If we would go as far as we can toward understanding human behavior, we should not generalize about a suicide, holding that it is always a simple act prompted by cowardly or revengeful feelings. When it occurs against the love of life, under the pressure of religious belief, it must be accepted as having an entirely different meaning than when it occurs to relieve a morbid compulsion toward death because of inability to realize love.

There seems to be no essential difference in the suicides of young and older people. Such acts in young people are more appalling to the average person, because we assume that their excess of vitality and their cheering illusions about life should carry them through hopeless states of feeling. When suicide occurs, it really means that the regressive feelings in such young people are more active than usual, and the suppressive influences in the family too completely insurmountable and insidious.

Every school, college or religious institution should have physicians on its staff who are thoroughly trained in psychopathology and psychoanalysis. The work of bringing about healthful emotional readjustments requires highly specialized training, and is too serious to be undertaken by the untrained physician, psychologist or minister. People must have access to the benefits of consultation with adequately trained psychopathologists. Hence our medical schools must awaken from their attitude of indifference toward psychopathology, and make such knowledge a part of their educational system. Thereby students, many of whom have personal difficulties, will have opportunity for getting some understanding and control of themselves.

EDWARD J. KEMPF, M. D.

The Rock Wrestler

Matt Jersey was not daunted by the rocks:
He dug them from the ledge to make his house,
He plowed them up and filled his wagon box
And walled his pasture with them. When the cows

Needed a trough, he took it from the field
In rock on rock. When anyone would say
The soil was rocky: "Gives a better yield,"
Matt would reply. "The rocks break up the clay."

His neighbors fought the rocks and year by year,
Like men that thrust all day against a wall,
Wore thin and yellow. Matt was red with cheer,
And had a wrestler's love to lift and haul,

And throve on bruises. Let the soil be tough!
He whipped it harder, till at last the land
Seemed to give way, and knew it had enough,
And like a broken horse beneath his hand

Went tamely. . . . So for thirty years, and then,
Running to stop a team beside a wall,
Crowded upon the rocks, unbalanced when
The horses swerved, he toppled to a fall

And struck the road below him, thirty feet,
And never went again with horse or plow.
The old men whispered: "Well, he couldn't beat
The rocks at last—the rocks have got him now."

No word of answer could he say to that,
Yet from the grave they scooped against the hill
I think there would be laughter now if Matt
Could laugh. I think he never had his fill

Of rocks, but trading with them blow for blow
Above the earth, was more than satisfied
To get their dark companionship below.
I think their hardness pleased the rugged pride

That roused him to be brave where others shrank,
And leaves him now more life than will be found
Among the poor of heart who all but thank
The accident that put him underground.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

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The Boon of Falling Prices

IF there is one article of economic faith to which those of diverse beliefs and interests have subscribed during the past five years, it is that prices, in general, ought to be kept from moving up and down. Yet it is possible that this is not entirely a good policy, and the present purpose is to suggest for consideration a modification of it.

The policy of stabilization, while of earlier origin among economists, derives its widespread acceptance from reflection upon the experiences of 1914-1921. The heavy war expenditures of governments, financed so largely through borrowing and bond issues, drove prices rapidly upward, and in Europe severed currencies from their gold anchors. There followed the further inflation of 1919 and early 1920, succeeded by credit collapse and the rapidly falling prices of 1921. These events, in retrospect, appear uncomfortable and unwholesome. While prices were rising, some classes profited largely at the expense of others. Those who profited most were the owners of producing and merchandising establishments whose products were most in demand, and whose prices, consequently, rose most rapidly. Those who lost were wage-earners, whose wages tended to lag behind the cost of living, salary-earners, whose recompense was still more slow in being adjusted to the rapid price movement, and, most of all, investors in securities having a fixed return which did not increase at all. When prices began to fall, everybody lost temporarily—except, possibly, the banks and the speculating bears—through the accompanying business depression. Foreign trade, too, was upset by the erratic exchanges, released from their war-time pegs. Then came the sobering period of starting afresh on a new array of price relationships, of getting back—with great difficulty and sacrifice for most of Europe—to the gold standard, of hitching credit and currency again to an anchor. We are not yet past the danger point, especially in the United States, where an abundance of gold and an ever-present danger of its influx create the possibility of more inflation.

It is natural not only that such experiences should make price stability seem desirable, but also that the instrument looked to for stabilization should be the credit policy of banks and governments. In theory, all good economists admit that prices may be affected by other things than the amount of the various media of exchange in circulation and the rapidity of their movement. They know that the factors on the other side of the "equation of exchange" are just as important—the quantity of goods in the markets and the rapidity of their sale. But, in the study of the war experience, the goods side of the equation tends to be ignored. The huge government bond issues, financed by credit extensions, were so pronounced that they are assumed to have been the unique cause of the rising prices. It has generally been assumed, too, that rising prices are in themselves a cause of more rapid production of goods, while falling prices discourage production. And so, when people urge measures for price stabilization, they usually address themselves to advising the central banks to avoid encouraging inflation or deflation by judicious manipulation of rediscount rates or purchase of securities. Professor Lehfeldt of South Africa, realizing that bank policy can do little but modify the short-run course of prices so long as the gold standard is maintained, urges even that prices be stabilized over a long period by means of an ambitious international control of gold output.

Several signs indicate, however, that other considerations need to be introduced into this discussion.

Perhaps the most striking sign is this—that, in the United States, at any rate, the years 1925 and 1926 have been years of generally recognized business prosperity, expansion, and widespread sale of commodities, although the general trend of wholesale prices and, to a less extent, of living costs, has been downward during the period. This fall has not been a sharp break such as that which followed inflation in 1920, but the Department of Labor's wholesale price index has run from 161 in March, 1925—the highest point reached since 1920—to about 145 at present, a drop of nearly 11 percent. It is true that part of this fall is due to lowered agricultural prices, a phenomenon of farm depression. But non-agricultural prices are down to about 148, though most industries have been prosperous.

Nobody can attribute this fall of prices to banking or credit policy. There rarely has been a period in the United States when credit has been more abundant. Looking at the records of the banks alone, one might have been led to expect, rather, inflation and a rising price level.

Another striking sign is that the purchasing power of manufacturing wage-earners, after having been stationary or falling, for years before the War, came out of the last period of deflation some 25 percent higher than in 1914. It is particularly noteworthy that the greater part of this increase in purchasing power resulted from the period of falling prices in 1920-1921, when the cost of living came down faster than wage-rates. It is also noteworthy that at present numerous observers mention, as one of the hopeful features of the business outlook, that through a slowly falling cost of living the purchasing power of the nearly stationary earnings of the factory employees is being further increased. (This increase is so slight, however, that some are fearful it is not large enough to enable the wage-earners to absorb their share of the greatly increased product which is being turned out by industry.) Much

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weight is given to the workers' enlarged purchasing power in explaining industrial prosperity in 1925-26.

Another noteworthy sign is the situation of the farmers' purchasing power. Much attention is devoted to the reduced purchasing power of farm products in relation to manufactured products. There seems to be little hope of material increase, over a long period, in the prices of farm products in the United States, barring the extraordinary dislocations of a war, and excluding temporary legislative stimulants which might make a bad situation worse. There is a large surplus of cheap and good farm land; competition almost necessarily rules in farm production; and constantly increasing efficiency enlarges output per acre and per man. The best hope of adjusting the farmers' purchasing power appears to be in bringing the prices of industrial products down. Every time they do fall, in relation to farm products, the farm economists point out that the situation is improved.

All these signs involve the goods side of the "equation of exchange" rather than the money and credit side. They involve the factors of the equation which the stabilizationists usually overlook. Through improved technical devices and better management, output of goods now has a tendency to fairly rapid increase. With no change in the supply of credit and currency, therefore, prices tend to fall. This may take place either through the mechanism of competition as ordinarily understood, or through the effort of quasi-monopolistic industries to compete with makers of other products for the consumer's dollar, and so to gain the profits of large-scale production. Indeed, when such a process is going on, the supply of money and credit may be increased somewhat without checking the fall of prices. And a falling price curve brought about by this means is not necessarily incompatible with large production or prosperity. If profit margins shrink, total profit may nevertheless be greater through the volume of production. The effect of technical improvement is, moreover, to reduce cost and thus maintain profits even on lower prices. And certain positive benefits may be conferred on the whole texture of industry by the fact that prices are falling. The fact that stocks of goods are not held for speculative purposes, but that, on the other hand, purchasers order goods in a "hand-to-mouth" policy tends to stabilize production from year to year, and thus decreases waste.

It is conceivable that by adopting a sufficiently liberal credit policy the banks might prevent the price-level from falling, no matter how rapidly productivity increased. Or the governments might control gold output, as Professor Lehfeldt suggests. But would such a policy be desirable, simply because it represented price stabilization? Let us look once more at the war and post-war period, whose evils the stabilization policy aims to avoid. These evils were of two sorts. One arose from the fact that when prices went up, they did so unevenly, and large classes of citizens suffered at the expense of other classes. The other arose from the fact that inflation created a trend which could not continue indefinitely, the reaction from which was, while it lasted, extremely uncomfortable for everyone. Does a slowly falling price level necessarily involve these same evils? It does affect real incomes, to be sure. It increases the real incomes of wage-earners, salary-earners, farmers and inactive investors, while it perhaps limits the incomes of the owners of industry to a somewhat smaller advance than they might otherwise enjoy. Few would deny, however, that such a shift is socially desirable. In addition, if this general increase of purchasing power did not take place, we might possibly find the increase of production halted, with an ensuing depression, because of lack of effective demand in the ultimate markets. From this point of view, it is possible to urge that the present trouble with prices is that they are not falling rapidly enough, especially to the ultimate consumer. Nor is there any good reason to think that there is any more danger of business reaction under a slow fall of prices than under stationary prices. Danger, doubtless, exists from other sources, under both conditions, but slowly falling prices need not cause pain. As long as technical progress and productivity increase, lower prices to the consumer seem to be entirely logical. Why, then, should the banks or anyone else try to prevent such a price fall as we are experiencing?

One fact the stabilization movement ought certainly to face. If prices are to be maintained on a given plane, incomes certainly ought not to be so limited, at least as long as production per unit of the population increases. It would be unjust, and possibly unsafe economically, to keep prices from falling while the productive capacity of our civilization is increasing, unless at the same time there were some pretty definite and controllable means for increasing wages, salaries and farm income. The difficulty of finding such a means is the chief argument for a declining general price curve. Wages and salaries usually tend to lag behind prices, and the whole country has been baffled by the problem of augmenting farm incomes. So far, our economic history seems to show that, on the level or the upgrade, the chief beneficiaries of technical improvement are the owners of industry.

By the same token, clear distinctions should be drawn, in statistical measurements used in the discussion of stabilization, between prices and incomes. Indices of the "general price level" have of late been constructed which include not merely such things as steel billets and tons of coal, but wages by the week, or hour, or salaries. There is no reason to expect wages and salaries to follow the same trend as prices of commodities over a long period of changing efficiency. Nor should they; they should advance more rapidly or fall more slowly. Such an index, therefore, has no place in any system of general price control.

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There is, to be sure, nothing new in economic theory about the proposition that increasing efficiency ought to lead to lower prices to the consumer. There appears a strangeness in this proposition only when it is applied to a general average of prices, or what is ordinarily called "the price level," in view of the recent movement in favor of price stabilization. Yet stabilization would seem to have done its proper work if it prevents sudden and violent price fluctuations due to manipulations of credit and currency, and permits prices gradually to drift downward if the supply of goods on the market produces that result. The best aim for a stabilization policy may be to regularize and increase production, rather than rigidly to maintain the average price curve at or near a fixed level.

GEORGE SOULE.

Washington Notes

NOTHING entertains me more, these delightful May days, than the speed and gallantry with which the half-dozen high-powered gentlemen who own or control the more important of the Mellon-Coolidge daily and weekly journalistic organs and the three or four syndicate writers for the daily press located here, dash to the rescue of the noble Calvin, with their umbrellas waving aloft, whenever the tiniest political thunder-cloud appears in the sky, or even a drop of critical rain patters on the White House steps. More than anything else, they make me think of a lot of nervous nurses charged by their newly and overly rich employers with the care of a delicate and, at times, disagreeable child. This parallel could, I think, be further profitably pursued, but I refrain, through fear that I may be charged by the unthinking with prejudice on this subject, and because of my desire, in discussing the President, to retain always that fine judicial detachment and poise for which, in my early years at the bar, I conceived such vast admiration, largely, I believe, because of its absence from the bench.

However, it really does border on the absurd. Let an embarrassing situation develop for this conscientious man, whether it be due to innate feebleness and fretfulness, to the natural embarrassments bound to be encountered by a White House occupant scheming for another term and trying not to get caught at it, or produced by some other natural or normal cause, and they come in a rush to the rescue—Curtis, Hearst, Brisbane, Reid, New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston and other points east—and promptly pull him out of whatever little hole he has stepped into. It is never a big hole, because he keeps away from the edges of those. But it makes no difference. If as much as a speck is left on him, his journalistic nurses tumble over each other to brush it off or rub it out. It is no small tribute to their efficiency and effectiveness that he is kept looking so sweet and clean. Even after really rough treatment by two sessions of Congress, which gave him nothing he asked for and everything he didn't, he was not much rumpled. With conscientious and consistent scouring, everything can be cleaned up.

Take the Hoover incident. There he made a mistake, slipped into a hole. The exhibition of smallness which he gave under his cloak of anonymity ought really to have taken all the shine off and spoiled the pretty picture. It would have done so, too, had it not been for the journalistic scourers. What did they do? At the first critical note, they rushed to him, picked him up, dusted him off, minimized the break, said that he did not mean anything, and, finally, that it just had not happened. All the lesser organs joined the chorus, and, just to prove that everything was all right and the sun shining brightly, they gave poor Mr. Hoover's wounds a thorough treatment of vaseline before he was sent down the river to help the flood sufferers. And now here is the bothersome third-term issue put up to our splendid President, so weighed down with the burdens of his great office that he is now unable to make his daily after-luncheon naps longer than two hours and to keep more than both his little eyes glued to the main political chance, all his waking moments. An enterprising and ambitious magazine, of some standing, officially delivers to him a letter asking a set of pointed and pertinent questions concerning his attitude on the length of time one individual should be permitted to stay in the White House as President. True, this is, perhaps, partly a circulation and publicity scheme, and it is not wholly surprising that he did not fall for it.

But what interests me is the whole-hearted spontaneity with which the Republican press—and that means nine-tenths of the whole press, these days—responds to the alarm, runs forward to protect him from embarrassment. He does not have to do a thing—not even acknowledge receipt. They do it all. First, they point out that the letter is of no consequence, that there is not the least necessity for Mr. Coolidge to enlighten anyone as to his views on the subject of third terms for Presidents, that there is actually no such issue. Then they proceed to present all the arguments in favor of third terms for such a President as he, and finally there comes the grand swelling chorus, led by Brother Brisbane, that it will be time enough to ask Mr. Coolidge his views on the third-term issue after he has been reëlected in 1928, for which, it is intimated, God in his wisdom has already arranged.

There you are. Can you beat that? In two days the magazine letter which seemed so pointedly embarrassing and which, if the function of the newspapers is to get news, it was reasonable to suppose they would have used all their weight to have answered, is ignored because the newspaper nurses explain that there is nothing to it—nothing at all. The nurses attend to the whole business for him. They relieve him of all embarrassment, and do it more completely now than ever, since they have been forbidden to use the "White House Spokesman" as a phrase to reflect the presidential feeling as revealed at the twice-a-week newspaper conferences. Mr. Coolidge is not now even under the necessity of clearing his throat to avoid embarrassment. No man with his sort of journalistic nursing can be embarrassed. And it is a curious thing that when, as not infrequently occurs, he seems ungrateful and ungracious toward his kind nurses, it merely augments the tender care and attention they bestow on him.

But to get away from this fascinating theme—I am told that genial, jovial Bill Butler, of Massachusetts, Chairman

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of the National Committee and closest friend of Calvin, at this moment still in the West using his well known tact and diplomacy to show Republican leaders of that section that their true interest lies in getting behind Coolidge and not listening to the Lowden music, finds his style somewhat cramped by the fact that the Hon. Charles D. Hilles of New York, a month or so ago, went over much the same ground and saw much the same people. Reports that come here are that this has fretted the sensitive soul of Mr. Butler more than a little, and that there is a disposition in the inner White House circle to consider that our Mr. Hilles, while beyond doubt a first-class go-getting political salesman, is a bit too free and forehanded. This disposition is strengthened by the further information that Mr. Hilles was quoted, in a number of newspapers in the West, as saying that, in his judgment, Mr. Coolidge would not be a candidate to succeed himself, or words to that general effect. Such an interview, I am told, appeared in the Sunday editions of several large western papers, but, strange to say, did not get back East at all. Perhaps the alert and non-partisan Associated Press did not think that was news.

It is, of course, possible that Mr. Hilles may have been misquoted, but if not, he ought to be told—and probably has been by this time—that he is all out of tune. Anyhow, the point I want to make is that his trip in the West did not lighten the serious labors of Mr. Butler at all—rather the reverse. If his idea was to pave the way for the Chairman, he is not a success as a paver. All he succeeded in doing was to recall, to some sour souls around national headquarters in Washington, two or three occasions when, as Vice-Chairman of the National Committee, he "paved the way" for a former Chairman, John Adams, with a lot of broken glass, walking on which did his dogs no good. I do not like to be discouraging to right-minded men, but it is not inaccurate to say that not as many around the Executive office and headquarters throw their hats up and cheer at the mention of the Hilles name as they did before.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Negro Material in the Theater

I

WHENEVER Negro material appears in our theater, as it has done from time to time these last few seasons, we get a reaction that is an interesting comment on the realism in vogue nowadays among us. It may be either Negro acting or plays dealing with Negro life or both; in every case there is a special sort of enthusiasm or reaction drawn from critics and audience.

When the players are Negroes, we are sure to hear from one quarter or another that there is remarkable acting to be seen in town. People who like to champion causes push themselves on to a somewhat greater enthusiasm than they might express in the case of ordinary white actors. People who are tired of the flatness of most of our acting and would relish something more of warmth and glow and exoticism, rush their hearts to these Negro actors' feet. People who shine by discovering an instance of newness which is great art at last, the proclamation of which will also add to the proclaimer's reputation for courage and prophetic insight, hasten to trumpet the new greatness or the new real-artness.

It is much better to enjoy these Negro players, if you like, but to keep it clear in your head that in most cases what they exhibit is not acting at all, to speak of. It is no better than the usual playing that we see on Broadway, and in many instances not so good, because of its lack of a technical and professional training that might project it into a minor craft at least. This is true, though it does not prevent the Negro players from being, if you like, more interesting, or less uninteresting, than the usual run on Broadway. The problem at issue rests on the distinction between substance and idea, between medium and form, between the material of acting and the acting art by which something is said.

It is nonsense to say that these Negro players are great actors. Such talk does little good either to the art they attempt or to the players themselves. Mr. Gilpin, of "The Emperor Jones," beginning rather poorly, developed in time a certain amount of acting skill. Mr. Paul Robeson, of the same play, of "All God's Chillun Got Wings" and other ventures, is scarcely an actor at all. He suggests a fine, understanding man brought to the service of an idea which he realizes deeply and nobly and which he renders on the stage as best he can; but this does not make him an actor. These two players and others from time to time have had splendid moments, instances where a moderate amount of craft, a great wave of emotion and a telling natural endowment and quality carried them to remarkable heights; but this does not make them great actors. The stress in the case of these Negro players falls elsewhere. It is as acting material that they are notable.

Negroes are by nature a superb acting medium. They have voices that are engaging by their strangeness to our ears and that are theatrical because they are moving and warm and flexible. They have flexible bodies and perfect relaxation; they have a quick emotional response and a gift of *rapport* and mutual interest among themselves that is unfailing. They have, too, very often, a kind of simple humanity and sweetness that is touching and persuasive, a freshness and spontaneity that is disarming, and a suggestion of power and force, brutality and abandon that heightens the impression of that vitality by which the stage comes alive. All this, however, should not be confused with acting, which consists of the medium plus the projection into a form that expresses the idea; all this has the same relation to acting that a beautiful voice has to singing. To distinguish between the material and the form in an art is the beginning of any knowledge of it.

II

When plays of Negro life are given, it is not uncommon to hear it said that this dramatic material is interesting because it is a change from the usual everyday American life around us. The theater is said to turn from the usual scene because of the flatness of our American material, because everything is so drab and casual and matter of fact. This may be, to some partial extent, true. Certainly there must be many of us that are good and sick of seeing the lives of clerks whose ambition is to succeed like the boss and to

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marry the dear little girl in the last act; of amiable, humorous drummers, and blatant politicians, and good mothers living in flats where you can hear the elevated pass or the subway rumble every five minutes. We are tired of an accepted stage speech that has no snap, either of its own or the snap of life. It is more fun to see a colored adventure, a Negro family, to be entertained with the variegated whims and the spicy speech of Negroes. But this is not the whole discussion.

III

In the case of both the Negro actor on the stage and the Negro life in dramas, much of the advantage derives from a certain escape and a certain evasion. We escape from the usual realism practised in our theater, we evade having to bother with accepting another theory instead of the realistic, or with putting ourselves into a perspective and a response different from that we give to our usual realistic theater. What we do is to let this acting and this life shown in these plays pass as real; we let it go as quite as real as in "A Mans' Man" or "The First Year" or "Turn to the Right" or "Saturday's Children" and hundreds of other pieces good and bad. The result is, we retain the comfort of the theory that the theater is a place where everyone recognizes the truth, where you see something natural and honest-to-God, something true, sincere and none of your arty art; we retain this easy attitude and at the same time enjoy the high glow, the fantasy, the poetry and odd spice of the Negro material. These actors are giving us what acting is, we can say; they put themselves into the character's place, feel his emotions and then are just natural. The difference is only that they are Negroes, who are different. The life we see in these plays of Negro life is different, otherwise they are the same natural pictures of life. All, therefore, is well; actor, drama and audience have each their little flight and nothing is upset.

Against realism as a method there is nothing to be said, since obviously there are ideas that can be expressed only by this method, just as there are ideas that other methods must express. Great examples of realism like "The Three Sisters" at the Civic Repertory Theater or Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard" or Miss Pauline Lord's performance in "Mariners," speak for themselves. Taking realism as ordinarily practised among our playwrights, we may cite many examples of success, or success at least in certain parts or elements of the play. The emotional reactions of Mr. Maxwell Anderson's "Saturday Children," for instance, are exact and true. They are really imaginative. In Mr. George Kelly's "Daisy Mayme" or "The Show Off" the idiom is precisely caught; it is alive with the edge and vibration of living speech. But to catch the sting of life in any way, or even its vibrant surface, is a rare thing. Our theater realism in general has the sterility of platitude, and all the lack of ideas that the casual implies. In depth of likeness, sentiment and comment, it is thin and easy.

Poetic drama at its worst runs to bombast and mawkishness; formal drama runs to arid classicism; and, most easily of all, since there are no canons, formulas or traditions to be heeded, our American realism runs to what makes it no wonder that the Negro actors and Negro life are a welcome if confusing relief.

STARK YOUNG.

"Chang": a Great Picture

THERE is now to be seen in New York a picture which is not only the finest of its type shown so far—and the type is a good one, the type of "Nanook" and "Grass" and "Moana" and the Everest film—but also one of the best moving pictures ever made, regardless of classification. It is called "Chang." It was made by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, the two important figures in the making of "Grass," and is released by Famous Players.

"Chang" is a picture of life in the northern part of Siam. The abominable fake-Kipling captions, written by Captain Achmed Abdullah, chatter a little too long about man's eternal struggle against nature and remind you that "Fierce is the Jungle"; but about sixty seconds of a fight between a goat and a leopard banish this meretricious tone forever; the picture is so well taken, so admirably cut and edited, that it could run perfectly without a single caption; those that occur after the opening are few, but irritating.

An exceptional merit in this picture is that those who produced it did not try to make Siam exotic; they took what was interesting and unusual, but they did not attempt to make it appear quaint, and were aware of the human circumstance that to himself no man is exotic or peculiar. You see a little family of Siamese living in a clearing in the jungle, and are made beautifully aware of the murmurous, predatory life about them. Wild beasts attack the dumb live-stock, and the farmer bands with his neighbors on a tiger hunt. One of the traps is like a door resting on its side; it is studded with murderous bamboo points, and the slightest touch as the tiger goes under it will release it and impale the animal. You see the tiger hurling his body toward it, and then in a moment of surpassing animal beauty you see him sail clear under it, with such speed, such precision, that the trap is sprung too late. Another is a dummy suspended on a weakened rope; the tiger leaps upon it, hangs in mid-air, tearing at it as strand by strand the rope wears away, until in a desperate lunge the tiger breaks it, and falls into the pit below. Eventually the jungle is cleared; there is a moment of peace made charming by the antics of a most beguiling simian, who seriously indicates to his master exactly the spot where scratching would do him the most good. Then the rice patch is ruined by a *chang*. The excitement mounts slowly, enhanced by the skilful way in which the film keeps secret the nature of the beast; there comes actual suspense after the animal is trapped; the scene around the pit, as it is hoisted out, is breathless. And it turns out to be a baby elephant.

At that moment it seems that the producers had overshot their mark. A baby elephant is attractive, but it is not dramatic. Yet the picture seems to be proceeding. A little later the baby elephant begins to shake the supports of the house to which it is tied. (I may say that this is the only flagrant piece of arrangement in the picture; there seems to be no reason why the elephant should not have been tied elsewhere.) And the mother elephant appears. It rescues its young by the simple expedient of leaning against the house, demolishing it, and walking off with the single post to which the baby is tied.

From that point, you know that Mr. Cooper was not wrong. He deliberately tricked the appetite for sensation

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with the baby elephant; you feel that the real climax is to come. The farmer and his family flee to the nearest village, danger attending them, and there announce to the skeptical elders that they think they have caught sight of the Great Herd on the rampage again, after a quiescence of fifty years. Even an awkward caption, mistakenly inserted, fails to spoil the next effect.

The picture slowly widens to enormous dimensions, and, as it widens, it is filled with the towering masses of a herd of wild elephants crashing their way through the fringe of the forest, approaching the huts. Caught in a news reel without preparation, this would have been impressive enough; but arranged in the complete simplicity of "Chang," it is magnificent. The human beings and small animals scatter before the rush; the elephants rumble forward, jostling each other, pushing down buildings, a monstrous, destructive mass. After the desolation is complete, the natives reassemble, and again the picture manages deftly to sustain interest. For the herd must be captured or dispersed, and preparations begin at the very moment when you are convinced that no human force can encompass the force of the brute. It is unbelievable, but the chase of the elephants, the mechanism of capture, and the final round-up are almost as breath-taking as the stampede itself.

I do not think I can actually communicate the thrill which this picture gives; it is such pure movie that it refuses to be transposed into another medium. What I have said so far indicates that, among films outside the field of the narrative feature, this one has, in the highest degree, interest and excitement. But there is more to be said. In the making of "Chang" it is possible to find the legitimate exploitation of virtually all the capacities of the camera, and it is impossible to find as much as ten feet which are not entirely cinematic. In "Grass," which, as far as I know, was Cooper and Schoedsack's first film, there were certain shots which gave extraordinary pleasure; I recall the zig-zag of the tribe up a mountain side. In this second film they have used the camera with an instinctive perfection. The obvious triumph is in the sequence of the elephant raid, where the massed bodies were shot from the side, from above, and, at the risk of Mr. Schoedsack's life, from below, always to give the unified impression of masses in movement. In the course of the chase, one of the tricks used by the natives is disguise; small trees are tied to each beater, and as these advance, the herd retreats. When they come to cross the river, the tiny floating trees, seen behind the hulk of the elephants, make a composition of unusual beauty. So at every step the camera is used, with supreme intelligence, and with glorious effectiveness. The brutal excitement of "Chang" is matched everywhere with esthetic satisfaction, and for the most part this is accomplished without recourse to stills, fakes, colors or any other of the expedients of less imaginative directors.

It is wearisome (and not a little vain) to recall the suggestions made years ago by critics of the movies and denied by the movie magnates. Yet, considering how systematically the highbrow reviewers are sent down to the foot of the class, it is worth recalling that they alone—six or seven of them in all—have insisted that the movie need not be limited to the narrative feature, that, properly directed, the movie may create a counterpart to history, or biography, or books of travel. (I say "a counterpart" because the movie can never, successfully, reproduce any of these things.) The producers laughed—and now they have made "The Rough Riders"; they laughed and considered "Nanook" merely a super-travelogue, and now, if there is a grain of sense in the population of New York, if there is any feeling for excitement and beauty, "Chang" will make a fortune for them.

There is a technical point also to be noted. As I had not seen "Old Ironsides," where the same mechanism is used, the widening of the picture when the elephants appeared was an additional surprise to me. This is the work of the magnascope, an instrument which, using ordinary commercial film, enlarges it without coarsening the picture to any preceptible degree. The theater must have a screen about twice the size of the ordinary picture, and at the appropriate moment the curtains can be rolled back, exposing the whole. "Chang" gave the magnascope an excellent opportunity, and indicated that many pictures ought to be taken with the prospect of magnascopic projection for at least a reel or two. Properly developed, the invention may solve the difficulty which now meets amateur movie makers: their 16-millimetre film cannot be enlarged for projection in the ordinary machine.

GILBERT SELDES.

Pro Sua Vita

Nine months I waited in the dark beneath
Her tired heart for this precious breath,

And month by month since I left her breast
Her breath and blood I have given in waste

Till now at length some peace she has got
That her breath and blood in me have not.

In the strictured nights of glimmering snow
The blood goes quick though the breath is slow,

And through the August afternoon
Flees the breath faintly but too soon.

So blood is lost to the brutal gardens
Where the iron petal of dark frost hardens;

And breath, when the storm-black trees bowed under,
Waited the fanged astounding thunder.

Shall I say to my father then
Among the belted best of men:

"Fellow, you tupped her years ago
That tonight my boots might crunch the snow.

"And woman, you show your son to wait
Till the breath and distrait blood abate;

"As my father began the tale of waste
When the sullen head slept on your breast

"So the rigid hills had been forgot
In darkness, if God had wasted not."

ROBERT PENN WARREN.

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A New York Diary

"Hit the Deck"

"Shore Leave" was a play, then a movie; retitled "Hit the Deck," it is now the first musical comedy ever seen at the Belasco, and playgoers who used to compare Hamlets litigate the merits of the successive Bilge Smiths of James Rennie, Richard Barthelmess and Charles King. The plot, elaborate for such shows, heavily involves the United States Navy, thus entitling itself to an exceptional male chorus, furious dancing and pleasingly saline dialogue. The lines and situations are almost always funny, and the cast, headed by Louise Groody, is uniformly excellent. The score is by Vincent Youmans, who, with Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, and Harry Ruby is writing the best of today's more polished light music; but the score is not uniformly excellent. The plugging system, whereby two or three selected numbers are mercilessly pounded into one's ears and, at the door, thrust into one's hands, is at its height. Recently the custom of printing complete scores has been abandoned. Apparently a composer is born with a definite, exhaustible and irreplaceable supply of potential tunes in his head. These three facts may explain why, of late, talented show-writers seem to have become misers of melody. Specifically, in "Hit the Deck" there is a good song—"Sometimes I'm Happy"—which is also obvious enough to be a hit; a particularly good song—published as "Why, Oh, Why?" but sung as "What Could Be Sweeter?"—which is financially more dubious; and a hollow affair called "Hallelujah!" (built upon the current "shout against evil" formula), which has the good fortune to be plugged by Stella Mayhew, who can holler louder and to better effect than any other blacked-up white lady in New York.

Denatured Jazz

Paul Whiteman, who at considerable immediate sacrifice left a symphony orchestra to become a pioneer of jazz, yearns today to make his jazz band indistinguishable from a symphony orchestra. Thanks to the radio, his example can be marked and followed by every other band leader, and with exceptions, of which the most notable is Ted Lewis, it has been. The technique which, with increasing enthusiasm, these dignitaries are applying to jazz is that of the cook who explained that the vanilla in her cranberry sauce was meant to take away that cranberry taste. Its result is the blight of politeness which is infecting dance orchestras, the pernicious sameness of what the radio owner hears from whatever station he turns to, its smooth, sophisticated vacuousness. The cranberry taste is gone and there remains pap. It was orchestral jazz, not any sudden improvement in the work of composers, that revivified American popular music a dozen years ago; it was a coarse and raucous caterwauling which nevertheless meant something. The first thing the improvers did to it was to reduce its sheer volume. That did no harm; jazz may be loud or soft. But as it becomes *nice*, it merely ceases to be jazz, which in music corresponds (but with the advantage of variety) to the thumbed nose in social intercourse. It was not niceness that sold Whiteman's phonograph record of the "Rhapsody in Blue"; too much orchestral niceness was the handicap of Gershwin's "Concerto in F"; yet refinement and discipline seem today to be the main concern of Whiteman, as of all the little Whitemans. One can now dine to the tune of his full orchestra at his Broadway restaurant-club, without cover-charge. The covers are safe, for no soup will be spilled within hearing of that well mannered music. But one day it may come to Mr. Whiteman that the negative quality of refinement pursued as an end in itself never yet accomplished anything worth while; that even writers of books of etiquette require the added gift of gall. That happy day should mark the beginning of the end of the vanilla epoch of jazz.

The Mauve Decade on the Screen

The motion picture, "The Rough Riders," now on display at the George M. Cohan Theater, New York, is not a pictorial biography of Roosevelt. It was made for the box office, and therefore devotes most of its footage to the customary love-interest—rather better done than usual. Roosevelt appears in the film, of course, and is competently interpreted by a man who was chosen for a striking physical resemblance and not for his skill as an actor. We see as background for the sentimental tale the assembling of the Rough Riders in Texas, their departure for Cuba, the landing on the beach, skirmishes in the jungle, the charge up San Juan hill, the end of the war, and an epilogue, into which some very early news reel material is introduced, giving scenes at Roosevelt's inauguration in 1904. Persons who are forty and over will find this film, which is otherwise not very important, interesting for the same special reasons which operated for them in the case of Thomas Beer's "The Mauve Decade" or Mark Sullivan's "Our Times: the Turn of the Century." It is always startling to learn that your own youth has become a museum piece. Tandem bicycles, trailing skirts, picture hats, toothpick shoes worn by dudes, the first wire-wheeled, rudder-steered horseless carriages—things which middle age is likely to remember with a halo of sentimental tenderness, send younger audiences at the Cohan into fits of laughter. Nothing seems so forlornly remote as these novelties of thirty years ago; and after all, considering everything the world has been through since then, the fact is perhaps not surprising.

A Censored Psychoanalysis

The Ufa "Secrets of the Soul," at the Fifth Avenue Theater, seems an interesting and ingenious film, but it has evidently been mutilated, and thereby partly spoiled, for the American taste. The story, as I reconstruct it, must originally have been as follows: a man who is shaving his wife's neck hears a cry of murder from the next house and thereafter conceives a phobia of knives; back of this, it presently appears, lies an impulse to kill his wife; and back of this, the unsatisfactory character of his sexual relations with her. He is impotent: they want a child but are unable to have one. And back of this, on the husband's part, lies a "fixation" on his mother. The neurosis has been precipitated by the visit of a cousin who arouses the husband's jealousy because, as a child, the woman to whom he (the husband) is now married once showed a preference for him (the cousin) by giving him one of her dolls. We are first pre-

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sented with the situation, accompanied by the husband's nightmares and culminating in his flight from home and his recourse to the psychoanalyst. The psychoanalyst cross-examines him, and we are shown flash-backs to his early life and extracts from his dreams, which are now interpreted. Suddenly, however, when, as far as the spectator can see, the psychoanalysis is not yet completed, the story is brought to an end with a sequence showing the hero cured and living blissfully in a cottage in the Tyrol with his wife and a baby as to the removal of the obstructions to whose arrival we are left entirely in the dark. The film is beautifully photographed and admirably acted by Werner Kraus. There are few captions until the psychoanalysis begins. It has some of the fascination of a mystery story, but it is very unsatisfactory in its present form.

CORRESPONDENCE

Can a Good Catholic Be a Good American?

SIR: In its editorial entitled "A Good American and a Good Catholic," the New Republic has discussed the question of Governor Smith as a presidential possibility, on the whole with clarity and fairness, but it seems to me that there are some aspects of the question which should receive fuller exposition. If you will permit me to criticize this editorial, I should like to indicate three points which are of considerable importance.

You make it entirely clear that Governor Smith, as an individual, is acceptable to you, in so far as his religion is concerned, and you justly make the point that the public would want to know how much influence any candidate, if elected, would allow his connection with a private organization to have over his public acts. Then you state that you would want any other Catholic who runs for the presidency to make a statement similar to Governor Smith's, because you fear that some Catholics might be less tolerant and less loyal to the Constitution. But is there any reasonable probability that any Catholic with narrow ecclesiastical ideas would attain to the prominence necessary to make him a presidential possibility? Does not the heterogeneity of the American people preclude the nomination of an individual who is very intolerant or biased in favor of a relatively small group? Up to the present time, the only extreme conservatism possessed by Presidents has been economic, and it is a fact that a goodly number of them have been distinguished by one form of liberalism or another. I think it is safe to say that no American President has been a fundamentalist in religion. As a matter of experience, it does not seem probable that a Catholic fundamentalist could be elected President any more than a Protestant fundamentalist. This seems to me to be the essential matter. A fundamentalist in religion, of whatever sort, would be an anomaly in the presidency.

The editorial dwells upon the significance of the Catholic Church as an institution. It is unquestionably the most homogeneous religious group in the country, and yet probably not over 10 percent of the voters of the nation are Catholic. It happens that the Catholic Church has a definite theory of education. We have adopted public education as the universal practice, but, of course, we have not forbidden a man to send his children to a private school. At present, it does not appear that a conflict between Church and State is imminent on this point. But the important fact is that the Catholic Church is not alone in trying to influence politics in favor of its theory. Certainly the Methodist Church offers a significant parallel in prohibition. Within the last week, a Methodist bishop has claimed for his Church the "honor" of putting through prohibition, and the Anti-Saloon League is, more than anything else, a Methodist creation and cause. This agency has not scrupled to impinge upon the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and it has not hesitated to advocate measures which might have embroiled this country with foreign nations, in order to put over its pet theory regarding the liquor traffic. In the South, many of its bishops opposed the Child Labor Amendment, and it had tremendous support from the Baptists. Any private organization may have a pet program which it wishes to enact into law or prevent being enacted into law. The Catholic Church has no monopoly on political interests. Other organizations may lack its discipline, and this is very important, but they do not lack its zeal for special interests. Therefore, I think the Catholic Church should not be singled out for particular criticism in this respect.

The matter of supporting the Constitution narrows down to local self-government. However much this may be decried, it is in practice a fact. In a local political unit, if a large majority of the population opposes a certain federal statute or article of the Constitution, that statute or that article will have hard sledding. The treatment of the Negro in the South is the classic example of the determination to do as one pleases in spite of the law. The failure of prohibition in the eastern states is another burning illustration. If the Catholics happen to be in the majority in a city or state, they may get laws enacted which reflect their particular political theory, but they would have small chance of passage in Alabama, where Protestantism is dominant. Any law enacted by Congress is likely to reflect the heterogeneity of the religious thought of the country, and it is most likely to exhibit no religious influence at all. It seems to me that the danger of the Catholic Church in the nation is wholly chimerical. The fear expressed by Protestants and non-church liberals represents a reaction to what the Catholic Church was in the Middle Ages; it does not reflect an acquaintance with the trend of history which, as a matter of fact, is away from organized religion altogether, at least in the West. In the evolution controversy, the Protestant Church has made a more serious threat against civilization in these United States than the Catholic Church ever has, but this bid of medievalism is confined to a small number of states. Yet Mr. Bryan wanted a constitutional amendment to prohibit the teaching of evolution. He did not get it—and he did not get elected President! He was not important enough. At the present time a liberal should have as much fear of undesirable legislation from Protestants as from Catholics.

In conclusion, let me say that I am not a Catholic but a liberal Protestant.

R. CLYDE WHITE.

New York City.

SIR: There has been an unearned chorus of newspaper praise for Governor Al Smith for so bravely slaying the specter of danger from a Catholic President; unearned, because the Governor did not go beneath the surface of the issues involved.

The problem of our day is precisely that which met all great and mentally growing peoples in the past. We are trying to dodge that problem, much to our danger and discredit. Sooner or later, every people has been driven by growing intelligence to revise radically or wholly discard its old creeds, cults and religions. Greece had to give up its darling Zeus and Olympus—where are its gods and cults now? And so on and on, up and down all the ages.

We have reached the same point of higher development with our religions in our own day. The problem is, Do they measure up to the needs of modern times and modern brains? The answer given by the majority of Americans is that they do not. There is no unkindness to anyone in saying this.

We can illustrate this portentous truth by citing Governor Smith. "I believe," he said, "in the right of every parent to choose whether his child shall be educated in the public schools or in a religious school supported by those of his own faith."

This is what the ancient Greeks who had not outgrown the religion of Olympus would have said, and did, in practice, say. We can look back and wonder in vast astonishment at their undiscerning state. It is all so clear to us now.

But we are no better; Governor Smith is no better. One of the greatest ideas of the modern world, born of thousands of years of bitter travail, is that all children of society alike shall be edu-

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cated fundamentally in the best modern culture. No nation can improve or live or last if that is not done. To see that it is done is the function of the whole people acting through their collective organ, the state.

The culture which our various religions are teaching is antique culture. It has its sacredness and beauty, in the same sense that the Olympian gods of Greece were sacred and beautiful to those of their time who held to the ancient and the old. But they were already outlived, already dead.

To claim the right of any of our religions to impose its ancient culture on the children of today by means of a separate school system, as Governor Smith and the Catholics are doing, is to repeat the old and deadly error which has wrecked the state, nations and civilizations throughout the funereal past. Their adherence to this fallacy should render the election of a Catholic to the presidency unthinkable and impossible.

The most vital need of American society is the requirement that all children up to the close of their sixteenth year shall attend non-sectarian schools, to lay a basis for American unity of spirit through their unity in modern cultural education. Governor Smith does not believe in this. He, therefore, should be excluded from the presidency. There are infallible tests of fitness.

MORRISON I. SWIFT.

Boston, Massachusetts.

SIR: Your airing of the Al-Smith's-religion complex was an interesting psychological exhibit. New York City, it is said, is favorable to such airings. On this occasion, as in the past, however, I almost suspected the editor of being the subject rather than the analyst. To be good in the latter capacity, it seems that one must have had experience in the former.

As a Catholic, I believe that Mr. Smith will not need to fear the issue of public school support, which you wish to make so painfully public. In the first place, he can point to his governorship record as an indication of his attitude in that regard. But if it be abstract theory that is more important, surely a liberal journal like the New Republic will be the last to further any rigid mass belief that our American public school system, as now constituted, is incapable of greater perfection, or that any considerable section of our citizens has not the right to insist upon its fatal failure to provide for the religious education of the youth of the country, even to the extent of establishing a private system wherein such training is possible. The New Republic does not subscribe either secretly or openly to the proposition that "religion is the opiate of the people." As a journal of free thought, it is opposed to irrational mass opinions or attitudes born of blind prejudice. It would be the last to prohibit exploration of the validity of the proposition that education is a secular activity and belongs to the state, supposedly exclusively, even though that is said to be the "official American theory." The New Republic has never been afraid to criticize generally accepted opinions, American or otherwise, and, of course, what it accords to itself it will not deny to others. As for the position that parochial and public school education are so opposed that the editor can say with anything like truth that, "if the kind of training which a child receives in a parochial school does educate him for citizenship in a democratic state, then the whole progressive movement in American education is blasphemous nonsense," I can only reply that the editor either has no first-hand information of parochial schools, or he has been suffering himself from the Klan complex he seeks to expose. One could envisage Al Smith in the White House with "the little red school-house" as safe in the United States as it has been in New York these many moons of his perennially recurring terms as governor. Constitutionally, he would be safer in Washington than he is in Albany, as public education is, and will be, a state duty, unless the N. E. A. succeeds in thrusting it upon an apparently unwilling Congress.

As to the Mexican question, your honorable executive may be trusted to use his good common sense to formulate a policy at least as wonderful as that of Coolidge, Kellogg and Company. I have the New Republic's many words for it that here, also, improvement is possible, and, indeed (even under a Romanist), it could hardly be worse (sic N. R.). Methinks, my dear editor, you start out with the best intentions, but you are betrayed into the attitude of a well known neighborhood character who, with pious protestations, prefaces her remarks generally with, "Mind you, I don't believe a word of this, it's libel, but it's said, etc."—and the dirt is peddled just the same.

CHARLES A. HART.

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Discovered! One Catholic who, in relation to the Mexican question, "does not see red." I approve neither of the parochial schools in Mexico nor of those in the United States. I am, and have always, been a Catholic. I do *not* approve of Al Smith and hope that he will not have the opportunity of being President, especially because he *is* a Catholic, because he has, to my mind, many faults of the Irish (I am Irish, too) which are ascribed to Catholicism which ought to be ascribed to other causes: for instance, race, and, in case he is President, would be immediately blamed on his religion. I have many Catholic friends who share my views on the Mexican question and the schools, but we are just too lazy to advertise them. The Protestants worry too much about the parochial schools, because they are not favored by the majority of Catholics, and, in fact, I think the opposition does more to create them than anything else.

I thank you for what I consider a very fair article.

GRACE E. LYMAN.

Schenectady, New York.

The Way Out of the Chinese Muddle

SIR: I have not read a more enlightening article on the present crisis of China than Mr. Clark's "The Way Out of the Chinese Muddle." Mr. Clark sees two ways. The sympathetic westerners as well as the intelligent Chinese know there is but one way that is hopeful—the way the Chinese "extremists" are taking in the fight for the liberation of their country, independent of any action of the "Powers."

Mr. Clark shows clearly how the idle "moderates" have failed, while depending upon the mercy of the "Powers," to liberate their country, and why rapidly they have become "extremists." Having read Section III, any intelligent Chinese, I trust, will not fail to see which side he should join, that of the "extremists" or of the "moderates," in order to restore the self-respect of the nation of which he is a member. The world will eventually, even if not at the present time, understand that radicalism in China is the product of the policy of iron of the "Powers."

It is grievous indeed that the Chinese *have* to pursue the path of the "extremists" to achieve their end. But a true Chinese prefers death to a humiliated life. How many of my countrymen have died willingly for the generating of a new nation! I plead the forgiveness of the American people for those of my countrymen who, as "extremists," have given up their lives for their cause—*their* extremism was to give, even all, for their country.

In a later paragraph, Mr. Clark attempts something impossible. From many American friends I know well that the American people at large have sympathy for China. But I know, too, that they are helpless in their desire that their government act according to their will. The failure of Mr. Clark's attempt will, however, give more self-confidence to the Chinese. The "extremists" will the better realize that it is they alone who must save China.

KWEI CHEN.

Madison, Wisconsin.

He Liked It

SIR: I have been a subscriber to your paper for a number of years, and a regular reader of it, except for some periods when I was out of the country, and couldn't get it. It has always seemed to me to be a great influence for enlightenment and for brave and clear thinking on matters of social and political importance for all serious-minded Americans. In this direction, I think the April 27

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issue of the paper has reached a high-water mark. The interpretation of the Chinese crisis, by so distinguished an authority as Professor Dewey, is illuminating and impressive beyond anything I have elsewhere read. One might wish it to be brought to the attention of every American who believes in truth and liberty and the high American tradition. Equally fine is that survey and analysis of the Mexican scene by so competent an observer as Carleton Beals. It should have a high influence on public opinion at a time when right thinking may vitally influence the future of our own country as well as Mexico. These two articles stand out conspicuously, but I found so much that was good in that last issue of the New Republic that I couldn't refrain from writing this letter.

CHARLES O'CONNOR HENNESSY.

New York City.

A Children's Exhibition

SIR: An exhibition of designs and drawings in water colors, by children ranging in age from three to ten years, opened recently at the New Gallery. This is the work of pupils at the school of the Parents' Education Association in Palestine, of which Miss Deborah Kallen is the founder and principal. Its significance is this: that art grew out of the necessities of life, and that in Palestine, where conditions are primitive, the environment makes for art production.

Miss Kallen's pioneer work in the education of children, at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, attracted wide attention a decade ago, and has exercised marked influence since then on educational methods in this country. After she had achieved marked success here, she accepted an invitation from the Jewish Board of Education in Palestine, to train teachers in the public schools there; but she soon concluded that effective experimental work for the new Jewish culture could be accomplished only by the establishment of an independent institution: not a competitive institution, in any sense, but one which would set the pace for the regimented public school system. The parents of pupils have supported the school, although those who could not afford to pay have been allowed, as a matter of course, to send their children without charge. Those who could pay the full tuition, did so; those who could pay only a part, did so. The school has now reached a stage where it requires financial support if its work is to be properly expanded, and Miss Kallen has brought some of the paintings by her pupils to this country, to help explain the unique and remarkable program which has been carried on now for nearly six years in Jerusalem.

Readers of the New Republic will be interested in the paintings at the New Gallery because they exhibit in an extraordinary way self-expression on the part of the children, and because they vindicate the theory that the problems of meeting life in this oldest and newest land stimulate and fertilize the art instinct. These charming formal designs and paintings are the work of children keenly alive to the Palestinian countryside, as well as equipped, by work in kitchen and garden and shop, to meet life in Palestinian surroundings. They are primitive, they are deeply Jewish in feeling, and they have great beauty of form and color. Everyone interested in child education, and everyone who is persuaded of the immediate relation of art to life, will be glad of an opportunity to see them.

SILAS BENT.

New York City.

The World Conference on Faith and Order

SIR: Several months ago, a committee of laymen was organized to help raise the funds required for the World Conference on Faith and Order, to be held at Lausanne, Switzerland, next August. Since no religious movement or our time has a wider appeal, we hope that financial support may come from a very large number of persons and may include contributions from the members of Churches in every part of the United States.

Five hundred representatives of more than one hundred nation-wide self-governing Churches will assemble at Lausanne. The American representatives, either personally or through the Churches which send them, are taking care of their own expenses, but it will be necessary to defray the expenses of many of the foreign representatives, especially those from the Orient. Clerical work, printing, interpreters and other routine of the Conference, covering a period of nineteen days, and the world-wide circulation of reports of the meetings will represent a considerable cost if adequately done.

Careful estimates show the effectiveness of the Conference will be hampered unless the sum raised for these expenses reaches $200,000. At present less than two-thirds of this amount is in sight. Between now and the assembling of the Conference we must raise at least $75,000 more.

Through the industry and devotion of the men in active charge of arranging and conducting the Lausanne Conference, the work is being done efficiently and economically. It has involved an enormous amount of painstaking labor, world-wide correspondence and the holding of preliminary meetings and conferences in almost every civilized country. But the fruits of many years of careful preparation will be lost if funds are not available to carry out the Conference itself on a scale appropriate to the scope and importance of the ideals behind it.

May I ask you, therefore, to publish this letter so that your readers may know of our financial needs and participate in this great movement to bring the Christian Churches closer together in their work of advancing God's kingdom throughout the world?

Contributions may be sent to George Zabriskie, Treasurer, World Conference on Faith and Order, 49 Wall Street, New York.

CHARLES E. HUGHES, Chairman,
North American Committee.

New York City.

The International Seamen's Club

SIR: The International Seamen's Club has recently been organized in the Port of New York with the object of providing a place where progressive seamen may gather for recreational and educational purposes, without being under the watchful supervision and patronage of ship-owners or missionary workers.

A club room has been outfitted at 26 South Street and a radio has been provided. The object of this letter is to appeal to the readers of the New Republic to coöperate by sending literature. Fiction pertaining to the sea, liberal and radical journals, marine journals, popular scientific magazines, will be gratefully welcomed and acknowledged. All literature should be sent to E. Hillyer, Secretary, International Seamen's Club, 26 South Street, New York City.

New York City. E. HILLYER, Secretary.

Contributors

LINTON WELLS is an American newspaper man who has had experience in many lands. He is the author of "Around the World in Twenty-eight Days," recounting the achievement of Edward S. Evans and himself in 1926.

EDWARD J. KEMPF, M. D., is a well known psychoanalyst of New York City.

FRANK ERNEST HILL, formerly on the editorial staff of the New York Sun, is now connected with Longmans, Green and Company.

ROBERT PENN WARREN is at present a graduate student at the University of California. He was formerly one of the editors of The Fugitive.

(Contributors to the Second Spring Literary Section will be found on page 356 of the Supplement.)

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—Alexander Meiklejohn

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The New REPUBLIC

Second Spring Literary Section

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The New History

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. Vol. 1: The Agricultural Era. 824 pages. Vol. 2: The Industrial Era. 828 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

CHARLES and Mary Beard's "The Rise of American Civilization" is a remarkable synthesis. Within two large but compact volumes, the authors have ordered and restored to their living relations the vast heap of facts that a century of research has brought to light. If I am not mistaken, this book is the high-water mark of modern historic presentation in America. Not since the generation of Parkman, Motley and Prescott have scholarly competence and literary skill been united on a single work of such great sweep.

During the last generation there has been much discussion of the "new history." What was meant by the new history was an account of human relations in time which would deal with the activities of society as a whole, instead of confining the province of the historian to the rise and fall of governments and political systems. The new history was sometimes, perhaps, confused with the economic interpretation of history; but such a bias was no part of its legitimate aim. In the idealistic versions of history by the Hegelians and by Carlyle, the disadvantages of a special point of approach were thoroughly canvassed; and the economic interpretation has turned out to be just as arbitrary a selective screen, admitting some facts and blocking others, as the most idealistic system.

Mr. Beard has plainly perceived this fact. In his "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," he used the economic method for all that it was worth in restoring our sense of proportion, to say nothing of our sense of humor, about that divine document; but in "The Rise of American Civilization," Mr. and Mrs. Beard do not ride this horse harder than he will stand. Throughout the narrative they are conscious, of course, of the state of economic society and of the rationalizations of class-aims and pecuniary motives under sanctimonious ethical principles; but they are also aware of the part played by accident, habit, usage, emotions, and ideas which cannot be accounted for by economic bias or background alone. In Comte's original sense of the word, their approach to history is sociological:

> In reality [the Beards explain] the heritage, economics, politics, culture and international filiations of any civilization are so closely woven by fate into one fabric that no human eye can discern the beginning of its warp or woof. And any economic interpretation, any political theory, any literary criticism, any esthetic appreciation, which ignores this perplexing fact, is of necessity superficial. That a few students recognize the nature of the problem and are beginning the search for a synthesis is a striking sign of the new epoch in American intellectual development.

The reason that our historians have been slow to seek this synthesis is fairly plain. In order to have the materials for such a study as "The Rise of American Civilization," a gang of diligent spades had to turn over the ground; and the habits fostered by this necessary specialized research were not balanced by wider interests and more comprehensive designs. Even with good-will, the number of his-

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torians who have had the taste and judgment to venture outside their special path has been small: the old history, with its strict delimitations and its stock of founded judgments, is, clearly, much easier to write. Mr. and Mrs. Beard have dared to break through this stiff-necked timidity; they have dared, not rashly, but with great perspicuity. They turn aside from Webster's Asiatic imperialism to appraise Emerson and Hawthorne; they leave the financiers of the Machine Age to discuss the significance of Cubism and Futurism; and they touch nothing in American life without relating it to the wider circle of European civilization of which it is a segment. Literature, philosophy, art, science, technology, enter their story of "The Rise of American Civilization," not vaguely and perfunctorily, as if to satisfy their conscience, but as an emblem of their vital concern with the arts and idealities.

Balance and good proportion are difficult virtues to preserve when composing a canvas of such gigantic dimensions as the Beards have worked on; nevertheless, they have preserved them; and this is not the least of their achievements. Nor have they come to this result by those neat generalizations which enable historians like Guizot to put within a tidy frame great sprawls and stretches of events; one is rather struck by the persevering concreteness of their references; if the authors have erred at all, it is by an excess of this zeal. Picking out a page at random, I discover, in a discussion of the intellectual climate of the eighteenth century, such precise citations as: 1737—Abbé de Saint Pierre —"Observations on the Continuous Progress of Universal Reason" — 1770 — Sebastian Mercier — Futurist novel, "L'An 2240." The facts march through these pages in solid squads, companies, battalions; there are few open spaces and fewer skeleton companies; nothing has been forgotten, from the commissariat to the bandmaster.

With such an ably generaled array of facts and events and ideas and achievements, the total effect is necessarily dramatic; but the plot and the movement come from the inter-connections that the historians disclose, and not from any false flourishes with partisan bugles or jingo drums. "There is no more need for romances," Whitman exclaimed; "let facts and history be properly told!" "The Rise of American Civilization" is almost a vindication of Whitman's judgment.

This balance is equally characteristic of the temper and spirit of Mr. and Mrs. Beard's writing. Where opinion is part of the historian's evidence, they have a happy faculty for quoting both sides; where the obvious reaction of a decent person would be disgust or indignation—as in America's treatment of its weaker neighbors—they have a faculty for presenting, along with the unfavorable evidence, whatever they can find of extenuating circumstance; when the facts alone tell a brutal story, the authors let the facts speak for themselves in ironic understatements which are more damning than a dozen spasms of uncontrollable outrage. The spirit of Henry Adams broods over their pages: skeptical but not indifferent, never surprised at any enormity, and never dismayed at discrepancies between means and ends, facts and ideals; a spirit that is humane, but well grounded in what to expect of the human species at best and worst.

The positive achievement of "The Rise of American Civilization" is so high that I would not willingly damn it with over-praise. Yet, within the departments with which I am most familiar, in literature and painting and the industrial arts, in city planning and architecture, I have been repeatedly delighted by the pertinence of the material and the excellence of the authors' judgments; and I have confidence that in the departments where Mr. and Mrs. Beard speak as authorities, the standard is surely no lower. Are there, then, no saving defects? Only one or two major ones occur to me: and I must hasten to mention them.

Perhaps the greatest defect in this panorama, taken as a whole, is a certain uniform intensity of color and light; it has the character of an early landscape by Monet—not so much the absence of form as the failure to define it except in terms of other forms, keyed to the same intensity and light. On the whole, while the Beards do not overlook the sordid details of the country's development, they paint their shadows in vivid lavenders and purples: their palette has no place for cold blues and dingy blacks; and yet, without these grim colors, the historian cannot, it seems to me, depict the objective fact. In the last hundred years, the continent was explored and settled, millions of immigrants were placed on the land, vast cities and complicated industries were built up: undoubtedly a stupendous achievement. But the conquests of science, engineering, and manufacture do not describe the whole process: there were retrogressions as well as advances. Whenever the darker spots threaten to spoil the even luminosity of their canvas, Mr. and Mrs. Beard are inclined to offset the effect by an irrelevant flood of light from a foreign source. Instead of describing in any detail the housing conditions of the industrial cities, they mention the existence of similar conditions in imperial Rome, London, Berlin; when they discuss the evils of megalopolitan standardization, they add—it seems to me gratuitously—that similar conditions have existed in other civilizations. The effect of these allusions is that of unconscious apology, whereas the actual historic results of our vast scientific and technological advances call for a keen, unflinching appraisal. Compared with their long and exact accounts of the progress of the industrial arts, the few pages that Mr. and Mrs. Beard devote to the slum cities of America, to our waste and perversion of natural resources, to our jerry-building and jerry-manufacturing, are scarcely adequate.

This failure is associated, curiously, with the only other major fault I can pick out; and that is the lack of any definite geographic picture of the stage upon which the drama of our history was worked out. Fortunately for our generation, a companion volume to "The Rise of American Civilization" appeared a few years ago: it is J. Russell Smith's "North America," and it deals with the physical structure and exploitation of the United States in space, as faithfully and keenly as the Beards' history does with its institutions in time. All the materials required for painting in the necessary "blacks" can be found in Professor Smith's study; together, these two books form a comprehensive picture of our civilization, its background, its conditions, its developments, which many shelves of specialist volumes could not portray so clearly and so well.

Whether my fault-finding be just or not, "The Rise of American Civilization" comes through the ordeal with scarcely the edge taken off one's inevitable superlatives. Charles and Mary Beard have created a monument to American civilization; their book is in itself one of the best proofs that we are entering a new period of maturity, after the hiatus in development marked by what these historians call the Second American Revolution. Creating this monument to America, they have, incidentally, erected a standard to which other historians must now aspire. If a more sociological and synthetic history is not written during the next generation, it will not be for lack of high example. The Beards deserve well of their countrymen.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

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The Latest Book on Poe

Israfel; The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe, by Hervey Allen. New York: George H. Doran Company. Two vols. 932 pages. $10.

WITHIN the year, nearly 3,000 book pages have been published on Poe. They have been full of facts about his life, and abounding in theories about the relation of his life to his art. The three books that contain them, and the willingness of publishers to issue them, are interesting indices to the contemporary American mind: somebody cares about Poe in the United States. And the contents of these pages, *mirabile dictu,* tell even more than the bulk: the American mind is changing—in discussing a man like Poe, it has progressed from the philosophy of John B. Gough to the viewpoint of Sigmund Freud; the W. C. T. U. has yielded ground to the Society for Psychical Research.

So much has been written in these books and about them —Mrs. Phillips' vast array of unassimilated fact, and Mr. Krutch's provocative assertion of unestablished theory—so much has been propounded about the problem of Poe's problematic career, that, in discussing the best of the three, Mr. Allen's "Israfel," the time seems to have come to confine criticism to the nature and qualities of his book, rather than once more to dilate on the controversial material which underlies it.

Mr. Allen has attempted to tell the story of a human adventure, disregarding the findings of all our investigators of Poe, and depending on contemporary documents, letters and personal testimony. Although two generations have passed since the poet's death, his biographer has the advantage of a large body of fresh material: the Valentine Museum letters, the mass of Ellis and Allan papers in the Library of Congress and the wills of William Galt and John Allan. These have enabled him to reconstruct the boyhood of Poe and to construct a complete figure in contrast to the usual "somewhat enigmatical torso, with the base draped in convenient and impressive folds." In this he has been successful, more successful than in reconstructing the times, which is so extensive an undertaking that it cannot be done by any however zealous worker as the fruit of a year or two of conscious research freshly attempted.

So effective a piece of work has marked and unfortunate defects; and these will be mentioned early, as less important than its virtues. The English of the book is extraordinarily uneven, and at its worst is as bad as could be. The third sentence forces the plural subject to lie down with the singular verb. To take a single short reach in Volume 1, within eleven pages "there *remains* a mass of legend and some few authentic facts"; the Rt. Rev. Richard Channing Moore is described as "First Rector of the Monumental Church, Richmond, Virginia, where Edgar Allan Poe attended with his foster-parents—and Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Virginia"; Poe is alleged to have been *raised;* and it is stated that "It was no weakling into whose nest the little fledgling had fallen, but *that of a hawk.*" Often, as in this latter instance, Mr. Allen seems to be so dazzled by the reflection of a metaphor that he steers blindly, if he does not run altogether into the ditch. And as in this: "The pot at the end of the rainbow had not proved a mere dream, and the orphan was returning to his relatives in comfortable, though not wealthy circumstances, enhanced social prestige, the prospect of his uncle's fortune in the foreground, and a beautiful young wife and sister-in-law, for Miss Valentine accompanied them." Somewhere along its career, the work should have been edited for the elimination or correction of hundreds of such lapses.

And another type of expertness should have been brought to focus on its errors in the field of American cultural history. For example, Mr. Allen states that 1839 was the beginning of the age of Negro music, confusing the existence of a Negro band with the recognition of Negro music, which is a phenomenon of our own day. He overlooks, and of course not through ignorance, the Southern Literary Messenger, when he declares that, in 1840, the North American Review and the Knickerbocker would have been the only rivals to Poe's projected magazine. He refers to Longfellow's two-column prose romance, "Hyperion," as a poem. He forgets Willis and Irving and Cooper when he says that the American Copyright Law was a wall which no single American author was able to surmount in the first half of the nineteenth century, and again when he says that no other literary form than the short story would pay in Poe's America. He shows an ignorance of Stoddard and Melville in mentioning Poe's rejection and Robinson's appointment as "the only two instances in which the United States Customs service has been sought out to provide oats for Pegasus." He says that in 1847 "the Lyceum idea was just getting under way," although it had been flourishing for nearly twenty years. These are matters of history; and, as matters of minor accuracy, he misspells the name of Lewis Gaylord Clark, the name of the Lake School Pantisocracy and other proper nouns, and reveals as little respect for arithmetic as for spelling when he says that between 1835 and 1849 J. B. Patterson begot a son and, dying, left him of age.

To turn to the excellences of the biography, and they are marked, the first is its balanced sanity. It is one thing to undertake to disregard the findings of other biographers, and it is another to keep clear of the quagmire of speculation into which these findings have led. Mr. Allen has succeeded in both respects. He has tried not so much to formulate a critical estimate of Poe as to make him walk through the pages of the book. Theories, of course, he has had to entertain, because only in the light of them could he select and present the material. Perhaps he is wrong in his hints as to the use of opiates. Mrs. Phillips seems to have the better of him at this point; probably he is right in his neat deductions as to the circumstances preceding the poet's death; but, by and large, he seems to be finding out the facts and presenting them, and not to be employing them as proofs of favorite theses.

The memories, and they are vivid, that one carries away from a reading of "Israfel," are memories of a lot of human beings, living, loving, quarreling, muddling along together in the most human of ways. John P. Kennedy befriends, William E. Burton patronizes, Thomas Dunn English blusters and fumes. Always the succession of women is passing through the scene: Mrs. Frances Allan, yearning but frustrated by her husband; Mrs. Stanard, a wraith; Sarah Elmira Royster, a lovely child when she is reft from him at first, a stuffy piece of complacent orthodoxy at the end; Mrs. Frances Osgood, rather wickedly innocent; Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, histrionic and sentimental; Mrs. Mary Louise Shew, a finely normal character; and the pathetic, self-effacing incarnation of maternal devotion, Mrs. Clemm, who has enough human quality to atone for Virginia's total lack of anything but dependency.

To Mr. Allen, the biographer, is due the first convincing picture that has been drawn of John Allan, the Scotch foster-father, thrifty but not too capable, indulgent to his wife, but cautious enough to refuse adopting the stage

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orphan, actually devoted to the child, but incapable of maintaining any relation but dictatorial control, and withal a pious Pharisee whose own deflections from rectitude very likely heightened his intolerance; the kind of man who could have devoutly invoked the God of the anathematory psalms.

And finally, walking through the pages of the book, is the tragic figure of Poe, victim first of circumstances and then of the self which had been created by heritage and circumstance; boyish and susceptible to happiness at the outset, then frustrated, then embittered, transformed into a lying, bragging introvert, an emotional geyser, a futile, defeated spirit, with now and again an extraordinary gift for putting into words some of the feelings and some of the imaginings which were his very life.

This is an achievement, and Mr. Allen accomplished it because he possessed himself of the essential facts, saw them in their relation to life, and interrupted the tide of disputation about Poe with a simple narrative which, in spite of the frequent lapses, is written with a fine and cogent simplicity about the commanding moments. I have cited him at his worst. In all justice, let him speak for himself at his best, concluding this comment with his concluding passage:

> On the last night, as the shadow fell across him, it must have been the horrors of shipwreck, of thirst, and of drifting away into unknown seas of darkness that troubled his last dreams, for, by some trick of his ruined brain, it was the scenes of Arthur Gordon Pym that rose in his imagination, and the man who was connected most intimately with them. "Reynolds!" he called, "Reynolds! Oh, Reynolds!" The room rang with it. It echoed down the corridors hour after hour all that Saturday night. The last grains of sand uncovered themselves as they slipped away, during the Sunday morning of Oct. 7, 1849. He was now too feeble to call out any more. It was three o'clock in the morning and the earth's shadow was still undisturbed by dawn.
>
> He became quiet, and seemed to rest for a short time. Then, gently moving his head, he said, "Lord help my poor soul."

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

Why Religion Saves

Why Religion, by Horace M. Kallen. New York: Boni and Liveright. 316 pages. $3.

CHOKED and hidden in the jungle growth called religion are the stalks that produce the precious flower. Much of Mr. Kallen's book is given to hacking through this jungle to clear a path to the flowering species. Much cutting is needed to expose the good of religion, and we believe Mr. Kallen has his eyes on the good. Whether he has found all the good is another matter.

Religion, he indicates, is man's belief in something which is independent of nature, but which can be used to control nature or, at any rate, is of more value than all nature and can be cherished for its own sake when nature fails to serve us. This something, independent of nature, is the supernatural. This belief in the supernatural, and attempt to utilize it, arises originally from a peculiar kind of experience. His treatment of this religious experience is the most valuable part of the book, we believe.

He shows how, under certain conditions, it is possible for the brain to be under great stimulation while the organic system of response is thrown out of order; in extreme cases, the whole sensorium is quite completely disorganized. Such state of stimulation has been observed in the hospital and physiological laboratory. It can be artificially induced in some people by the use of such drugs as ether, nitrous oxide and others, or by the Yogi technique, by excessive dancing, flagellation, gashing oneself and wildly flinging about. Sudden disaster and shock may bring it on. The disintegrating conflict within the personality of powerful antagonistic cravings may produce it. The sense of overwhelming danger, the baffling frustration of some insistent striving, a scene of such awful grandeur that it breaks down the established integration of personality, any of these may bring on the experience to greater or less degree. Sometimes the stimulus between man and woman may attain such shattering force as to yield this experience. It is impossible to list all the different natural conditions that produce it. Yet withal it is exceedingly rare, and Mr. Kallen thinks the great majority of people never have it. We believe, however, it is a matter of degree, and many people may approximate it more or less remotely. Some people may be able to throw themselves at will into a state approximating this, when they desire to worship.

The distinguishing characteristic of religious experience is this intense stimulation producing vivid consciousness, yet without any integrated system of response. Lacking any organized response, there can be no perception, for perception involves discrimination and selection from among stimuli and a certain specific adjustment to the selected stimuli. Being incapable of specific response, nothing can be cognized in the religious experience. It is ineffable and generally ecstatic. This, says Mr. Kallen, is experience of the supernatural. What we then experience plainly is not nature, if by nature one means the world of perceived objects. What the character of this supernatural may be is a matter of speculation. Mr. Kallen suggests that it may be one of the many different modes of vibrant energy, a mode very different from, and independent of, that which constitutes our world of nature. The reviewer sees no justification for the view that what is thus experienced is independent of nature. Neither do we think it is non-sensuous, as Mr. Kallen holds, although it does exclude all perception, and hence all cognition, of touch, taste, sight, smell, these being forms of perception when cognized.

The mystery and wonder of this experience arouses speculation. Having undergone it, one cannot keep still about it. One is so enthusiastic about it that one must express one's feelings. But what can one say? One cannot describe it. Consequently the mystic formulates beliefs, myths they are, partly to rationalize the experience to his own mind, partly to enable him to give expression to the tumult that has been stirred within him. None have been more voluble than the mystics, but, having nothing to talk about save an ineffable experience, they create works of imagination.

These products of the mystic fancy are accepted by followers of the prophet as true reports of some existent reality. Indeed, the mystic himself generally so holds them. They constitute religious belief. They comfort and inspire because of the delightful nature of the experience from which they emanate, and because there is no factual evidence to check the exuberance of the creative imagination. As these beliefs are transmitted to following generations, they are further elaborated, systematized and otherwise modified to suit the changing conditions of life and especially to suit the requirements of the priesthood and religious institutions.

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These religious beliefs are illusions, but nevertheless they provide salvation. This is why religion saves, according to Mr. Kallen. In time of disaster or mental conflict, men would despair were it not for these comforting and inspiring beliefs. Men must have illusions to keep the heart from breaking, to keep up enthusiasm and release of sufficient energy, when the situation appears hopeless in the light of that limited knowledge men possess. Men would long since have perished from the earth were it not for the stimulus and sustenance of these religious beliefs.

Some may protest that Mr. Kallen is destroying the saving power of religion by showing the illusory character of these beliefs. Not at all, he would reply. Every sane man knows that the mirage is an illusion, but when he is dying of thirst he will chase the mirage just the same, and in so doing may find succor.

> Whenever the sense of breakdown is so intense that we just cannot take the time and patience to reassemble the pieces . . . we call in the expert in the manipulation of the supernatural. . . . If Model 1926 fails us, we haul Model 1898 out of the garage. . . . If scientific medicine fails, we try unscientific healing.

Religious belief is certainly full of illusion, and these illusions console and inspire. But we do not believe they have the value Mr. Kallen attributes to them. Illusions are sometimes helpful, but just as often harmful. On the whole, we believe they are much more of a liability than an asset. Illusion may keep us struggling on while life lasts, but the chances are that life will not last long when we struggle in that way. Struggle helps survival only when rightly directed, otherwise it hastens destruction. Struggle under illusion is not rightly directed except by accident. Better "freeze" in despair like the baby quail than fly out in front of the gun under the illusion that there is safety.

Wherein lies the saving power of religion? Not in its illusions. Neither in its ready-made truths. But the saving power of religion lies in the fact that religious experience provides two conditions which promote experimentation in human living and which are almost indispensable to the more radical and intimate kind of experiment. First, it frees us for a little time from bondage to our established system of habits, and may permanently loosen their hold upon us. Second, it gives us a sense of some other kind of world than this one which is the creature of our established habits of response. It throws us back to that original raw material of experience out of which new worlds may be made by developing new ways of reacting to it.

The ordinary world of objects with which we deal has being only because we react to certain stimuli in such a way as to bring about certain consequences. What I call a tree consists of certain results which will ensue when I react to certain stimuli in a certain way. After I have once experienced those results, or had them reported to me, I know that the stimulus means tree. Consequently, the familiar world is to me and you what it is because we react to stimuli as we do.

But suppose we cease to react in this way and yet continue to receive the stimulation? Suppose the stimulation is greatly increased, yet all organized response is disintegrated? Then we have the religious experience. Then we are vividly conscious, yet do not perceive anything. Then we experience the raw material of existence, that ultimate something which will give rise to one kind of world or another, according as we react to it in one way or another. But in the mystic religious experience we do not react to it in any way; hence we do not have any world. We only have that out of which worlds are made when systems of response are developed.

These two conditions, the loosened hold of established habit, and apprehension of the raw materials out of which a new world may be made by a different way of living, are the two most difficult prerequisites to any experimental conduct of life. If these conditions are not provided through religious experience, we shall scarcely be able even to begin the search after a better world by way of experimental living of the most radical sort.

The compensatory illusions to which Mr. Kallen points make up a great part of religion, but they belong to the jungle growth he should have hacked away. They do not lead us to search for a better world; they only chain us more helplessly to the world as it now is. Salvation comes only through intelligent experimentation. In so far as religious experience promotes such experimentation, it saves, otherwise not.

HENRY NELSON WIEMAN.

The Sociology of Values

Bouglé's Evolution of Values; translated by Helen S. Sellars. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 277 pages. $2.

BOUGLE'S "Leçons de Sociologie sur l'Evolution des Valeurs" was published in France in 1922—distinctly a post-war volume, written not merely because the philosophy of values was becoming fashionable but because of "the need of regeneration, of purification, felt by many combatants of the Great War." The cry in France then was: "We must have a revision of values." It might seem, therefore, that the present translation comes as a tardy reminder of that almost forgotten period of "reconstruction" —and of disillusionment. On the contrary, this volume is exceptionally timely: the philosophy of values is just now becoming fashionable among Americans; Professor Perry's commanding volume * marks a cycle, a node in the more recent shift of philosophical interest from questions of reality to questions of value.

From another point of view, Bouglé's work may be regarded as an integral part of that modern search for new syntheses which characterizes so large a sector of contemporary French thought—to which belong Masson-Oursel's somewhat abortive effort in "Comparative Philosophy," Bertrand-Barrand's "Les Valeurs Affectives et l'Exercice Discursif de la Pensée," and the later works of Le Dantec and Bohn. And in this sense it may be said that French, German, British and American thought tends in the same direction, namely, toward the discovery of assimilative, integrative, synthetic relations between facts which an earlier scientific discipline had differentiated. Perhaps the movement may be partially summarized by saying that, whereas the last phase or cycle in philosophic emphasis took its cues from science and theories of objectivity, the modern trend is toward an analysis of the nature and worth of human experience considered as a totality.

Beginning by asking the older question: Are values objective? Bouglé, because he is a sociologist, finds satisfactory answers in Durkheim and Simmel. Values are imperative; they claim recognition. Therefore they are objective. And values are compelling because they arise out

* "General Theory of Value," by Ralph Barton Perry; reviewed in the New Republic, February 23, 1927.

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of the context of collective experiences. In short, values are objective because imperative, and imperative because collective. Although Bouglé does not explicitly say so, one begins to see in this kind of reasoning how much modern psychology has contributed to a new logic. Anything which affects behavior, whether measurable or touchable, is now called objective. During the latter part of the nineteenth century, when the discussion of values was prominent in philosophic circles, most spokesmen insisted upon designating values as subjective components of experience, or as rationalized aftermaths. From Bouglé's point of view, we do not act and then place value upon our actions; rather do we act in the direction of predispositions which have already—because of the social nature of conduct—taken on the coloration of value.

Values do not in the strictest sense arise *from* collective experience; collective experience rather sanctions and validates values. In behavior, feelings and desires are prior to valuation. However, the attempt to establish priorities in the behavior formula leads to various and subtle kinds of abstractions. If we are to continue to rely upon psychological data, it may be advisable to regard feeling, desiring, valuing as coördinates in conduct; to subordinate one or the other, either in point of time or by ascribing degrees of importance, is to fall into easy and untenable generalizations of cause and effect. In any case, Bouglé assumes that values are determined by desires and feelings; he often gives to the term "desire" the same meaning which Perry and other American writers ascribe to "interest." He further assumes that the study of values must find its setting in anthropological and sociological data. All values were, at one stage in human evolution, unified: economic and religious values were once identical all-or-none responses of primitive man to an undifferentiated world. How, then, has it come about that we now say "Business is business," or "Art for art's sake"? Bouglé's answer to this query is also his definition of civilization; to him, division of labor and differentiation of values are twin processes which distinguish savage from civilized life. To have a wider area of appreciations and a growing hierarchy of values is to enrich experience, to achieve greater freedom; is, in short, synonymous with being civilized.

Are values, then, merely means—and highly rationalized means, at that—which man, in his collective life, uses as sanctions for desires and feelings? And, if this is the case, how does it happen, as Nietzsche once pointed out, that the same values serve as means for totally different ends? Bouglé's answer to these questions achieves the form of a pluralistic theory of values to which he gives the title "Polytelism," the "happy accident for civilized societies." That the same means should work toward variable ends is, of course, not a necessity. The fact that a confluence of means, a conjunction of values, does occur in human and social affairs is, perhaps, the explanation of whatever cohesion civilized societies possess; differentiation of values without confluence would ultimately tend toward social dispersion. Values may evolve as pure means, but they may also become ends. Ownership, for example, may be enjoyed apart from use. Scientific method and critical attitudes may begin as means, but ultimately and by a social procedure these become values to be appreciated, and they may even become ends in themselves.

Are economic values supreme? Do moral values depend upon religious values? In replying to the first of these queries, Bouglé brings economics within the circle of social psychology. He reveals his impatience with those economists who believe their science to be a sort of human physics, and is equally short with the Marxian economic determinist; values, he insists, come from desires and feelings, and hence cannot be ascribed solely to work. Even the simplest set of economic principles presupposes some sort of juridical system, i. e., a social setting, out of which economic values emerge. As for the old problem of religion and morality, Bouglé assumes that there has been a pre-religious morality and that there will also be a post-religious morality. This question persists, and is so frequently raised, in fearsome terms, simply because religion has for so long maintained a monopoly over morals; now that its monopoly is lost, we shall discover a new moral basis. "The fusion of theological and moral values becomes difficult when the commandments of religion and those of life seem to contradict each other." And as the difficulty increases, laic law will replace theologic law. The inference here is, not that religion with its distinct set of values will disappear, but rather that religious beliefs will tend more and more to become private affairs.

Four chapters deal with various aspects of the relation between science and values, the inquiry of which amounts (in concentrated form) to the following: What will become of values in this age of induction and industry? Bouglé's answer is calm and measured. Science is not a pure and simple reproduction of things, but essentially a source of agreement among minds. "The seeker after truth works for society as he works by it." Scientific discipline will aid in removing some of the mysteries which have usually been associated with discussion of values, but science itself as a method of reasoning belongs in a social context; as its influence widens among mankind, a further discrimination of values will come. "The fall of prejudice announces and entails the fall of privilege," and science, because of its efficacy in destroying prejudices, will become a potent force in renewing values. In the deepest sense, however, values lie in the stuff of human nature, of which science is only one of the facets.

Likewise, art, which is purposiveness without purpose and disinterested interest is, verbally at least, socialized. The need of communion is the root of all the arts. The artist may denounce the crowd, but this he does merely because he wishes to master it. "Art bathes in a social atmosphere," and there is no art without its social correlate. Esthetic values are not dependent upon morality, but art has its own unique ethical content. Esthetic experience calms, exalts, liberates and unites, and this is why so many moderns seek in esthetic life something like an introduction to moral life.

The final chapter, "The Nation and Moral Teaching," is, in some respects, the most important and at the same time the most disappointing portion of this stimulating volume. Here Bouglé suffers from having written with the War so close upon his ears. In baldest terms, he seems, at this point, to have become thoroughly influenced by the heightened nationalistic passions of his people; in consequence, he raises nationalism itself to levels which make this chapter curiously out of harmony with the refinement of temper displayed in other sections. Höffding, the noted Danish philosopher, insisted that religion should be thought of as the conserver, the guardian of values. Bouglé, realizing that religion has ceased to be the framework of modern societies, gives to the state the role which Höffding ascribes to religion. One does not so much object to his conclusions in this respect as to the sequence of his reasoning; the illustrations which he uses to support his thesis are, for the most part, reasons deduced from the experiences of war. All of this, one must grant, is implicit rather than explicit, for he goes on to define the state as a hierarchy of values, and as

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a means toward human ends; indeed, he proceeds to defend even "conditional patriotism" and a sort of collaboration which includes differences. But, in view of this theory of the state and of values, what is the teacher to teach? "Let the educator," says Bouglé, "limit himself, then, to teaching the common virtues without regard for theories and play the role of conserver and peacemaker." This admonition to the teachers as servants of the state contains at least two doubtful assumptions: (a) that a separate set of theoretical and practical beliefs and values may comfortably exist side by side, and (b) that intelligence and learning shall have no creative role to play in the revaluation of values which alone can keep a society from stagnation.

Professor Sellars' introduction aims to interpret Bouglé's thesis in terms of the present status of philosophy, psychology and the social sciences. Apart from the book, it constitutes a splendid orientation for the social sciences, and should receive wide recognition. The translation deserves high praise. In fact, in its present form, Bouglé's volume appears fresher and more vital than it did when read by the reviewer over three years ago. It is, indeed, a volume which will, in all likelihood, remain new long after it may legitimately be called old.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

How to Produce a Gifted Child

Gifted Children, by Leta S. Hollingworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. 339 pages. $2.

An Experimental Study of Children, by Helen Thompson Woolley. New York: The Macmillan Company. 762 pages. $4.

Creative Effort. Chicago: Francis Parker School, Studies in Education. 175 pages. 50c.

New Schools in the Old World, by Carleton Washburne, in collaboration with Myron M. Stearns. New York: The John Day Company. 174 pages. $1.75.

CERTAIN doleful people in every age are fond of declaring that the great men of their times are not as great as those of an earlier era. It is recorded that even Lincoln indulged in some such sorrowful comment at a time when he and Lee and Whitman had already gained considerable distinction, and only a few years after the death of Poe. It is a commonplace remark nowadays that our present age apparently lacks minds great enough to deal adequately with our extraordinarily complex civilization. We are able to produce a fine crop of excellent second-raters, it is declared, but we have no men of the caliber and stature, say, of Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and the other giants of the early days of our republic.

"Why has this country so few real statesmen?" asks Dr. Arthur Hamerschlag, President of the Research Corporation, addressing the members of the National Republican Club some time ago. (Nor is it reported that ardent Coolidge men in the audience so much as blinked.) "Where are the great scholars? Why so few artists, writers, and musicians? Why does business itself proceed so unevenly, first reaching high peaks, then sinking to low? . . . Is it," he inquired, "is it the fault of our educational machinery?"

Now, nobody knows what relation there may be between a man's schooling and any distinction he may attain. But when we come to inquire into the kind and quality of education received by the great men of the past, we discover that most of them got little or none whatsoever. In the Hall of Fame, for example, is a notable array of our national heroes, fifty-eight men and seven women. Of these, at least thirty-four had practically no formal education, and of the remainder who did go through a more academic regime, most were tutored privately or attended small academies. Among those whose education was thus "defective," were Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, Adams, Marshall, Jackson, Hamilton, Webster, Farragut, Audubon, Agassiz, Patrick Henry, Boone, Peter Cooper, Robert Fulton, and a score of others.

Even some of our present-day heroes show a similar lack of documented schooling. Roosevelt, though he went to college, was tutored at home during his childhood; Henry Ford made the eighth grade, but stopped then to apprentice himself to an engine manufacturer, and to begin amassing billions; Edison's school career lasted exactly four months. Perhaps Mr. Hamerschlag is right—it may be that through sheer massiveness our educational machinery is crushing out genius in America.

This possibility has aroused a few educators to make special provision for gifted children in their schools. For years, Professor Hollingworth reminds us, we have been spending millions of dollars annually for the care of the incompetent, the feeble-minded, the insane. It is high time that we looked to the conservation of our talented children, of those fitted by nature to be the leaders and rulers of society. Accordingly, experimental classes for the highly intellectual, and revised courses of study to meet their needs, have been established in a few cities, and a number of case studies of gifted children are under way, which propose to follow their development from birth through maturity. These studies, taken together with researches by Galton, Cattell, Yoder and others into lives of great men of the past, throw light of a sort on the nature and sources of genius. In general, according to Professor Hollingworth, investigations seem to show that an overwhelming majority of illustrious persons have fathers who were above the average in social-economic position; that very few children of manual workers become eminent in high degree; that the cities produce many more eminent men than does the country; that very few women in the world's history have achieved first rank for mental work.

Gifted children of the present, says Professor Hollingworth, have strikingly similar origins to those of great men of the past. If you are making a census of gifted children, and wish to discover them most quickly, seek the city, not the farm; the well-to-do section, not the poor, nor even the moderately well-to-do; look among the children of English, Scotch or Jewish descent, not among those of Negro, or of Portuguese or other Latin parentage; choose a private, not a public school, and be certain that the children have fathers in the professions, not in the trades, and most certainly not among the unskilled.

All of which is extremely novel and interesting. But there appear to us to be two weaknesses in Professor Hollingworth's material. First, the means employed to identify gifted children, and second, her interpretation of her data when gathered. Her gifted children, of course, are those passing high in intelligence tests—less than 1 percent of the juvenile population—and Professor Hollingworth has no remotest doubt but that this method is the one infallible instrument for sorting out the real aristocrats of society. "By mental tests it will eventually be possible to select individuals who have extraordinary capacity to lead, rule and advise mankind." And by this magical means we can discover who those extraordinary beings are, as early as the

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age of six, and thenceforth, if we are efficient, we can educate them in privileged and exclusive groups for their future places at the top of the social oligarchy.

Now, I have neither space nor inclination to discuss the obvious nonsense of such sweeping claims. The science of mental testing is still in its infancy, and even Professor Hollingworth has to admit in fairness that there is no close correlation between intellectual superiority and such significant gifts as the ability to draw or paint, to excel in music or in mechanics. Moreover, there is the whole range of intuitive and emotional capacities which as yet no scales have been devised to measure.

To the intelligence testers, of course, the immutability of the germ plasm is as inviolable a principle as the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. And to what ancient faith this new dogma leads us is neatly summarized by Professor Hollingworth. There is, she says, a direct correlation between wealth and intelligence. The many are poor, and the few are rich, because "only a few men have or ever can develop sufficient power of thinking to secure large surplus returns for their labor. The immemorial division of mankind into 'lower,' 'middle,' and 'upper' classes, economically speaking, rests on a biological foundation which guarantees the stubborn persistence with which it persists in spite of all efforts to abolish it by artifice."

Mrs. Woolley also sorts children out into "superior" or "inferior" groups according to their test standing. She concludes that superior children have the ability to profit by school work, hence they stay in school; the inferior cannot keep up the academic pace, they therefore go to work as soon as the law permits. When these inferior children get into industry, they are in the main inescapably condemned to the most monotonous of factory jobs. However, says Mrs. Woolley, these children should stay in school until they are sixteen; properly trained psychologists should discover them early; and they should be taught things that will make life more vital and important to them in their later out-of-work hours.

These are the latter recommendations of a monumental and most prolix report on a study started over sixteen years ago and carried on for five years, but published only recently, of some 1,700 children in Ohio. Following the passage of the 1910 child labor law in that state, Mrs. Woolley undertook for a group of organizations a study of children at work and in school between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. The investigation covered mental and physical status from year to year, industrial and social histories, and home conditions. Although gathered so long ago, Mrs. Woolley believes the material is still valuable in showing the types of jobs open to beginners, the correlation between wages, and the amount of schooling and mental ability, etc.

Of course, we could all discuss "inferiority" and "superiority" among children with a better face if our schools were different places. The few schools that are trying to release and develop the powers of their pupils are paying very little attention to I. Q.'s or "mental status" as such. They are discovering, to be sure, that I. Q.'s go up when children spend their hours in a free, dynamic and spirited environment, but what they are interested in is not shuffling children about in this or that category, each with its appropriate doses of subject matter, but in making it possible for every child to develop a quite surprising number of individual talents to the fullest extent. Slowly a literature is accumulating, showing the fruits of this altered viewpoint. The word "creative" has been tiresomely overworked in recent "new school" discussion, but the Francis Parker School's booklet richly indicates what we may expect from children when expression through the medium of poetry, music, rhythm, dancing, drawing, clay work and painting is made easy and spontaneous.

The "new school" movement is making its way also on the other side of the Atlantic. In at least seven of the Old World countries are signs of the educational awakening. Mr. Washburne did not visit an eighth country, Russia, where it is reported the movement has spread even further, but his and Mr. Stearns' very satisfactory little volume covers schools in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. Mr. Washburne's trip was a flying one, and the chapters are written quickly and with no real attempt at detailed analysis. But the pictures are vivid, the style is free and flowing, and the writers are possessed of enormous sympathy and enthusiasm for their subject. Mr. Washburne criticizes the Hamburg schools a little for being too free, and he is a bit too warm perhaps in his praise of Miss Mackinder's individual instruction methods in her school in the London slums. But the book is stimulating and encouraging: "On the heights there are these schools that have caught the first glimpses of this new day. . . . But below in the valley, where most of the world's schools are, night still reigns. . . . Here well intentioned people, groping, do violence to little children."

When fewer schools are in the valley, we may not find that Professor Hollingworth's recipe for finding a gifted child still holds, or that Mrs. Woolley's pitiful little machine-tenders are too inferior for anything better.

AGNES DE LIMA.

A Chaucerian Adventure

Some New Light on Chaucer, by John Matthews Manly. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 305 pages. $3.

DR. JOHNSON, in a famous paragraph of "Rasselas," has described the scholar as one who "wanders about the world without pomp or terror, and is neither known nor valued but by men like himself." Professor Manly's study of Chaucer is completely free from "pomp and terror"; but it presents the great stores of his scholarship in such a readable form that it should be known and valued by every lover of our older literature. The book gives us, in pleasant type, with interesting illustrations, and with much added material, the substance of a course of lectures delivered in 1924 before the Lowell Institute at Boston; and the familiar style of the lecture-room has been retained in the printed page.

It is literary scholarship of an adventurous sort; for the author is frankly and avowedly pushing beyond the borders of proved or provable fact into the perilous regions of speculation. But if Mr. Manly is a daring adventurer, he is of large body of interesting and valuable matter pertinent to Chaucer, acquired by a most laborious searching of forgotten records. It is only in the interpretation of the facts so gathered that Mr. Manly does his brilliant guessing.

> We shall never succeed in the interpretation of the past without the use of the constructive imagination. Facts are dead and useless until we try to ascertain what they mean, and I do not see why those most familiar with the facts should leave the interpretation of them to others.

the sort who braves the unknown only after he has assembled and mastered everything knowable that may concern his quest. The book contains, besides its speculations, a

The opening chapters deal with Chaucer the man. We see him as the son of a very wealthy merchant, born shortly

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before 1345, prepared by a costly education for a successful career in what we should today call the civil service, and writing poetry, not as a professional author, but as an amateur who can write only in the scanty leisure of his official career.

The main portion of the book is devoted to the "Canterbury Tales." If a modern story-teller were to undertake in present-day America to parallel the Canterbury pilgrimage of Chaucer, he might bring together in the observation car of a transcontinental train a group of men and women who should by their various occupations serve as a representative cross-section of our national life. To make the parallel a close one, he should not stop with mere typical portraiture of the farmer, the Senator, the small-shopkeeper, the surgeon, the university president, the stock-broker. Some, at least, of the assembled group should be so strikingly individualized as to set every reader busily hunting for a living original.

Chaucer was writing, as Mr. Manly reminds us, for a very small group of readers. The whole population of Chaucer's England was only some two and a half millions, and London was a compact little town of about forty thousand people.

> The nobility and gentry numbered not more than a few hundred, and their social life centered in London. They were acquainted with one another and knew one another's affairs in the same way that "society" in any of our smaller cities knows all about its members. Such a public, idle, fond of gossip, and not overburdened with books and newspapers, was that for which Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales," and we may be sure that they caught every sly reference to persons and things they knew.

Whether Chaucer had in mind definite individuals as originals for his portraits or not—and in the case of some, at least, of the pilgrims it seems very probable that he had—we can be sure that his first readers must have tried to make the identification. Of such contemporary guessing, not one has been preserved for us. Mr. Manly and the scholars associated with him have, by laborious scrutiny of contemporary records, projected themselves, as it were, into the life of Chaucer's day, and have gossiped about these portraits of the Canterbury pilgrimage, as Chaucer's fellow courtiers must have done.

Chaucer's lawyer, for instance, was no ordinary practitioner, but a "sergeant at law," which marks him as an eminent and distinguished member of the profession, holding a rank to which only a few lawyers in any generation were appointed. Mr. Manly has examined the careers of all the sergeants at law at the time when Chaucer was writing his "Prologue," and compared their careers with the facts given about the lawyer of the pilgrimage. He finds that one of these actual sergeants at law, a certain Thomas Pynchbek, exactly fits the portrait.

The identification is, at best, a probability. In the nature of things, complete demonstration is impossible. But the value of Mr. Manly's book does not depend here or elsewhere on demonstration. The purpose of the book is to cast new light on Chaucer; and the illumination is indisputably there. Anyone who has read the book will, as he could never have done before, look at the portraits of the "Prologue" with contemporary eyes. To make that possible is one of the chief aims of literary scholarship.

Finally, Mr. Manly has given us in the concluding chapter, under the heading "Chaucer the Artist," an analysis and appraisal of the poet's art which is literary criticism of a very high order. I know of no place where, in anything like equal compass, the reader can find set forth with such just discrimination the qualities of Chaucer's poetry which lead many of us to regard him as one of the two or three greatest poets who have ever graced our English tongue.

ROBERT K. ROOT.

Is Intelligence Adaptive?

The Natural History of Our Conduct, by William E. Ritter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 339 pages. $3.50.

THE task which Professor Ritter sets for himself—that of showing that intelligence is essentially adaptive—strikes one as being somewhat out of date. In fact, it is more than slightly reminiscent of the post-Darwinian biology of the last century, which labored under the impression that its chief function was to solve the problem of man's superiority in the animal kingdom. One is impressed also by the fact that the method of treatment adopted by this author is quite as archaic as the problem itself. Surely this learned biologist knows that the method of anecdote has long since been discarded by all serious students of animal behavior. And yet he quotes frequently, and without apology, from anecdotalists and naturalists of no great repute, whose works—written in the last quarter of the nineteenth century—are now either quite forgotten or relegated to the basement of antiquarian bookshops.

It would be hardly accurate to say that Professor Ritter had made a systematic attempt to prove his main contention—that intelligence is adaptive, and hence that man is the animal standing apart as being best adjusted to environment. He merely assumes that such is the case, and proceeds to bolster up the assumption by illustrative material more or less arbitrarily chosen to fit the theory. Naturally, he has no great difficulty in finding much maladaption in the lower organisms, less in the more intelligent infra-human types, and very little at all in man, the crowning glory of evolution, spelled with a capital E. What, indeed, may one not prove by the method of selecting cases to suit opinion! Nor is this to accuse Mr. Ritter of deliberately withholding from the reader any known facts. It is the method, rather than the man, that is at fault. The gathering of a sufficient number of observations, both pro and con, with proper statistical treatment, may seem like a thankless task to the biologist, but certainly nothing less than that will be acceptable to the modern student of animal behavior. Even if his large collection of anecdote and field observation—the latter often too casual and perfunctory to be taken seriously—be accepted at face value, the whole affords no sound basis for inference concerning the point in question. At best, they are just so many interesting facts about animals, and properly belong in an illustrated quarto volume on natural history.

The author is chiefly concerned "with the development of psychical activities as adaptive agencies." He defines adaptation outright as "the unique ability of living things . . . to fit into different environments," thus avoiding controversy involving the traditional implications of the concept. The final criterion of successful adaptation is "life or death for the individual." It is difficult to see why the giant redwood, on this score, would not rank much higher than man as an adaptive organism, not to mention many species of animals that maintain the struggle with environment over a life span far longer than that of puny man. If longevity is the final criterion of adaptation, then, certainly, intelligence is not.

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One point Professor Ritter seems to overlook entirely, in contending that man exhibits "adaptive activities superior to those of other animals." Adaptive capacity, like intelligence, is a relative matter, and must not be confused with mere complexity of behavior. To grant that the behavior of an ameba is less complex than that of man is to concede nothing as to the relative adaptive capacity of the two forms. It might well be argued that differentiation and complexity in living organisms, so far from having life-sustaining value, may themselves be the bearers of death. Perhaps it may be true, whether our vanity allow us to admit it or not, that the lowly earthworm is better adapted to its environment than man is to his own. And the picture which Ritter draws of earthworms lying helpless on the concrete walk after a hard rain can be more than matched by the ravages of pestilence, earthquake, fire and machine-gun upon the sons of men. Nor is the passing of the buffalo from our western plains any more dramatic than the passing of the red man; if one illustrates a lack of adaptive capacity, then so does the other.

Ritter groups the life-activities of the organism under the categories of food-getting, protection, and reproduction, all of which are commonplace enough in biological literature since Aristotle. He brings together, in a single chapter, his illustrations of adaptive activities at the reflex, instinctive, and higher psychic levels. He devotes fully ten chapters to maladaptation, two of which are concerned with mankind. He attacks many popular conceptions concerning the unusual intelligence of certain animals, particularly the beaver. We have always suspected the beaver of being highly overrated, and the first-hand observations of Ritter fully confirm this suspicion. In view of the general stupidity of our own species, it is refreshing to learn that infra-human forms, including the beaver, are also woefully stupid. The section of the book dealing with maladaptations in animals is genuinely interesting, although it offers little consolation to those who would find infinite harmony in this finite world.

Maladaptations are grouped roughly under the rubrics of waste of energy, time, and of materials essential to life, injury to self or kind. The author finds no difficulty in classifying all of the individual and social maladjustments of mankind under these categories. Lost motion in everyday life and in organized industry, squandering of natural resources, suicide, murder, war, prostitution, illegitimacy, sodomy and masturbation are among the more important maladaptations in the genus Homo. But this is, indeed, an imposing array, and raises the question as to whether, after all, the development of "psychical activities," as exemplified in man, does not carry with it the penalty of less perfect adaptation to environment. The author's view that the brain and hand are the mechanisms mainly responsible for the supposedly superior adaptive capacity of man is trite enough, to say the least, and ignores the emphasis placed by modern psychologists upon the importance of language in the higher development of man.

Regardless of its shortcomings as a scientific treatise, the book should make a wide appeal to the general reader, to whom it is evidently addressed. In spite of the tendency to be loquacious and repetitive, the author holds the reader's interest, and is seldom dull. Chapters three and four, which deal with the nature of the evidence for the evolutionary origin of man, might better have been omitted in the interests of a greater unity. The frequent substitution of dogmatic assertion for genuine evidence is less likely to be offensive to the general reader than to the author's fellow scientists.

C. J. WARDEN.

The Curse of Scholarship

A History of Roumania: Land, People, Civilization, by N. Iorga. Translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 284 pages. $4.

RUMANIA has been so successfully converted by our racketing newspapers into a realm of comic opera, where, in accordance with time-honored and beloved *clichés*, a humpty-dumpty king, a roistering, plotting crown prince, and an unbelievably beautiful queen fatally addicted to jazz provide incessant amusement, that we must overcome a measure of incredulity before we can persuade ourselves that there is a hard, terrestrial reality bearing the Rumanian name, and that it is inhabited by an ancient and honorable branch of the human family. Certainly whoever reads the work of Professor Iorga of Bucharest, the leading historical scholar of his nation, will entertain no doubt as to the consideration due a people who from the dawn of history have inhabited southeastern Europe and who, though submerged again and again by human inundations rolling over them from every point of the compass, not only have managed to survive, but have even by a remarkable concerted effort during recent generations triumphantly asserted their right to nationhood against a veritable world of rivals and enemies.

The scholar Iorga, crowding into a single slender volume the evolution of his people during a period of over two thousand years, has some interesting and authoritative things to tell about the many disputed points in that development. Thus he unhesitatingly dismisses the hoary legend of the Latin origin of the Rumanians, by defining them as an indigenous Thracian folk who, under the influence of a limited number of Italian colonists and an imposing layer of Roman officials, assimilated the Latin speech and culture. A close parallel to their case among contemporary western peoples would be that of the Gauls and the Iberians.

To the many questions which have arisen as to what happened to these Latinized Thracians during the Slav and the far more terrible, because incessantly repeated, Tartar-Turanian incursions into the Balkan peninsula, the author, owing to the absence of decisive evidence, has not always a conclusive answer; but he develops a reasonably satisfactory theory of the unnoticed perpetuation of his people as obscure herdsmen and peasants on the remote slopes of the Carpathians and their thickly wooded foot-hills. How, when the long migatory storm had somewhat abated, they ventured to descend again into the plains of the Danube, Sereth and Pruth and essayed, beginning with the fourteenth century, the erection of a State and Church as national bulwarks against renewed disaster, constitutes one of the most convincing contributions of the book. At the coming of the Ottoman Turks a Rumanian state, in fact two of them, Wallachia and Moldavia, were already in existence, and met far more stubbornly than any other political creation of the Balkan world the Moslem onslaught.

It is disappointing that the regeneration of Rumania leading to the gradual shaking off of the Turkish yoke and to the recent brilliant culmination due to the victory over Austria of the Entente powers is not treated with anything like the fullness it deserves, even within the exiguous frame adopted by the author. Possibly he was unconsciously tricked into this disproportion because, as a specialist in the earlier phases of his people's history, he

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felt less at home in the more recent movements. Be that as it may, American readers, naturally more interested in the Rumania of today than in that of the Middle Ages, are by this inequality of treatment provided with a just cause of complaint. And there are other vigorous criticisms which they will not fail to voice, all more or less referable to the excessive professionalism of the author. He is, be it said again, an excellent scholar, but that praise exhausts the sum of his merits. Conscientious and highly proficient in special investigations, he has bent his curving back so long over his desk that he has lost whatever ability he may once have had to overlook from the watch-tower of the spirit the wide landscape of history and to transfer it to his canvas as an intelligible picture. In consequence, whenever he passes from the discussion of specific issues to ordered historical narrative, the result is a disaster—literally a disaster, for he then regularly drives a half-dozen and more thought-trains into a head-on collision which leaves the scenery littered with an indescribable wreckage. And this discouraging situation is not bettered by the translator, whose extraordinarily slip-shod English thickens at intervals into complete opacity. In sum, the enlightened general reader who works his way through this book will be fully confirmed in his rock-bound suspicion that every delight of scholarship is, by some strange curse, offset by a lurking terror.

FERDINAND SCHEVILL.

Employee Stock-Ownership

Employee Stock Ownership, by Robert F. Foerster and Else H. Dietel. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 174 pages. $2.

INDUSTRIAL democracy will never be realized by the multiplication of stockholders deprived of all functional obligations to industry, since this multiplication intensifies the separation of ownership and management, concentrating control in an oligarchy composed of practically self-perpetuating managements and their financial overlords.

Where the press agents of "the new capitalism" recognize that development, they shift the emphasis to employee stock-ownership as the means of bringing about what one enthusiast calls "syndicalism" in industry. This is a more satisfactory conception, employee stockholders being functionally participant in the industry in which they own stock; and they *might* gradually acquire ownership and management.

The problem is whether employee stock-ownership *is* developing in the direction of employee ownership and management. Or whether it is like the Knight's Pudding in "Through the Looking-Glass": "I don't believe the pudding *was* cooked! In fact, I don't believe the pudding ever *will* be cooked! And yet it was a very clever pudding to invent."

The Foerster-Dietel study of "Employee Stock Ownership" is primarily "an inquiry into the specific nature of the plans under which employees acquire stock and a discussion of general questions raised by the provisions of such plans." Most of the book is devoted to an excellent survey of the technical aspects of the movement. But unless the possibility of employee ownership and management (or at least participation in management) is envisaged, employee stock-ownership becomes a comparatively unimportant (and cheaper) substitute for profit-sharing. The subject demands thorough-going discussion. Yet Mr. Foerster and Miss Dietel allow the larger claim of employee ownership and management to go by default: they do not even consider it. The utmost they foresee is that the employee stock movement may "have a bearing upon the economic structure of society," and that "it would not be surprising if employees as a class should in time prove to comprise a group of altogether unusual and special value in the management of industry and definitely superior to the absentee management that prevails today." But neither the major nor the minor claims are justified by the facts.

According to the authors, the value of employee stockholdings is in excess of $700,000,000 (after at least thirty-five years' development). Of this amount, 269,239 employees of thirteen larger corporations own $425,000,000—which indicates the extraordinarily limited scope of the movement. While Mr. Foerster and Miss Dietel stress the absolute amount, that is not decisive; nor are the exceptional cases where employees own 50 percent, 75 percent and 95 percent of the stock (in minor corporations). While the employees of the Fleischmann Company own 18 percent of the stock, of Swift and Company 13 percent and of United States Steel 8.8 percent, they own only 4 percent of the stock of Standard Oil of New Jersey, .7 percent of the Pennsylvania Railroad and .4 percent of General Motors. In the thirteen larger corporations, employees own approximately 4,000,000 shares (common and preferred) out of 96,000,000, or about 4 percent. But the general average is much lower. In its report on National Wealth and Income, the Federal Trade Commission concludes that employees (in 1922) owned 1.5 percent of common stock and 1.9 percent of preferred. While the value of employee stockholdings in 1926 was in excess of $700,000,000, the value of the stock of all corporations was in excess of $90,000,000,000.

The facts are scarcely indicative of developing employee ownership as preliminary to employee management of industry. But there is also no development of an immediate, if partial, employee representation in management. Mr. Foerster and Miss Dietel stress one or two cases where minor corporations hold meetings of employee stockholders, while one corporation permits its employee stockholders to elect a representative to the board of directors. All of which is exceptional and unimportant. The decisive fact is that none of the employee stock plans provides for or envisages employee representation in management. Moreover, about half the stock issued to employees consists of the non-voting variety—preferred stock, special (non-voting) employees' stock, and a sort of "investment trust" certificate representing diversified holdings in many corporations.

Still more important, however, is the distribution of stock ownership among employees. Mr. Foerster and Miss Dietel emphasize the exceptional cases where large numbers of employees are stockholders. But even where the employees own 95 percent of the stock, only 40 percent of the employees are stockholders. That is oligarchy, not democracy. In the larger corporations, the percentages are much lower. While 36 percent of Fleischmann employees are stockholders, and 30 percent of Swift and Company, only 20 percent of the United States Steel employees are stockholders, 9 percent of the Pennsylvania and 5 percent of General Motors. The average for all corporations whose employees own stock is probably below 15 percent. The total of all employee stockholders is probably under 1,000,000.

Who compose this comparatively small group of employee stockholders? That is determined by the motives animating the movement. Mr. Foerster and Miss Dietel naïvely accept the reasons given by the employers—to "encourage thrift" among employees, let them "share in the profits of

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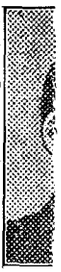

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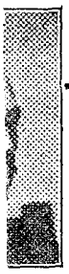

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the business," offer "an incentive to start the accumulation of income-producing property," etc. These are incidental. The authors approach the real motives when they state that employee stock-ownership may "diminish the turnover of labor" and "develop a group of employees who are better satisfied . . . more efficient and dependable workmen."

But those were precisely the motives animating profit-sharing—to "stabilize" labor and enlarge efficiency by placing definite groups of employees "on the side of management." This development is determined by the character of modern industry, in which larger and larger masses of capital are invested, and where a large labor turnover and strikes are fatal to efficiency and the productive yield. Means of "stabilizing" labor become indispensable. Large-scale industry simultaneously offers the means. Supervisory employees are increasing out of all proportion to the increase in wage-earners. While the number of wage-earners in manufacturing, transportation and mining increased from 9,982,707 in 1910 to 12,757,124 in 1920, there was a much larger increase in the supervisory employees, from 495,169 to 823,513. Since 1920, under the impulse of "the new efficiency," supervisory employees have registered a still larger proportional increase. Moreover, while modern industry levels the mass of workers to non-skilled labor, it creates a new class of skill—the "key" men indispensable in the almost automatic process of supermachine production. By satisfying the supervisory employees and the "key" men, along with a limited number of other better paid workers, placing them definitely "on the side of management," the larger employers seek to insure the stability of labor and production, diminish labor turnover and discourage strikes. For the mass of non-stockholding wage-earners, the means adopted to insure stability consist of various forms of welfare activity, company unions, and organized espionage to repress independent unions and strikes.

Adapting the statistics of the Federal Trade Commission, the distribution of (common) stock ownership is: absentee stockholders, 87.8 percent; management (officers and directors), 10.7 percent; employees "on the side of management," or "intermediate management" (supervisory employees, "key" men and other better paid workers), 1.5 percent; mass of wage-earners, nil. Of course, some of these wage-earners may own $25 or $50 worth of stock, but the percentage is negligible (their earnings don't permit any large investment).

Employee stock-ownership flourishes where the most modern technology prevails, where there is the largest development of supervisory and "key" employees (although it may develop in non-industrial corporations, as in banking and insurance). It flourishes where the yield of profits is so immense (monopoly or "profiteer" industry) that a portion may be distributed among a limited number of employee stockholders, particularly as, by "stabilizing" labor and preventing strikes, the mass of wage-earners may receive lower wages than they otherwise might. Employee stock-ownership, moreover, flourishes where labor unions are repressed and company unions encouraged. The railroads are exceptions, but among them employee stock-ownership is slightly developed. Frequently, employee stock-ownership is definitely interwoven with some form or other of company union.

Employee stock-ownership is another form of profit-sharing, a fact emphasized by the corporations often granting stock as a bonus, contributing part of the purchase price, paying extra dividends on employee stock, etc. Profit-sharing never became a general movement, it did not benefit the majority of wage-earners, nor did it seriously modify industrial capitalism. Is there anything to justify belief in a different future for employee stock-ownership?

The Looking-Glass Knight was not altogether right. Quite clearly, employee stock-ownership is not cooking an "industrial democracy" pudding. But it is cooking a pudding of another sort—crushing the independent action of wage-earners by repressing unionism, promoting the ascendancy of the oligarchic control of industry, and contributing to the newer defenses of capitalism now being energetically erected.

LEWIS COREY.

The Beautiful Genius

Turgenev: The Man, His Art, and His Age, by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. New York: The Century Company. 386 pages. $4.

IT is a curious fact that one who was called by Henry James (writing in the late seventies) "the foremost novelist of his day," and who, by general consent, has taken a place with Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky as one of the three greatest of Russian writers of fiction, should have had to wait till the present moment, forty-three years after his death, for his first biography, and that now, when at last it appears, it should be written in English. Where, one wonders, have the Russians been? For Turgenev does not at all belong to that class of writers whose popularity is immense but ephemeral: he has taken his place as a classic; and if his place seems, as time passes, to become a little smaller, and if a modern Russian can say of him that he has become a shade "old-fashioned," his place and his claim are nevertheless as secure as such things can be. If all of Turgenev's works had somehow disappeared, one would still have to remember him as a writer who was extravagantly admired by his greatest contemporaries: by Flaubert, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, and James. James was fond of calling him "the beautiful genius." Dostoyevsky, who was fanatically jealous of Turgenev, and who hated him as only Dostoyevsky knew how to hate, was none the less intensely flattered when he was told, by one of his correspondents, that the characters in "The Possessed" were Turgenev's characters "grown old." And Chekhov, despite the great gulf of time and fashion which lay between him and his elder, could write of him: "My God! What a glorious thing 'Fathers and Children' is! It is positively terrifying. Bazarov's illness is so powerfully done that I felt ill and had a sensation as though I had caught the infection from him. And the end of Bazarov? And the old men? And Kukshina? It's beyond words. It's simply a work of genius. . . ."

It is high time, therefore, that our "friendly curiosity" (as James with characteristic decorum phrased it) concerning "the private personality of M. Turgenieff" should be satisfied; and this Mr. Yarmolinsky has done, and done admirably. His biography is almost everything that a biography should be. He has not only documented himself with extreme care; he has also exercised the gift, rare enough in biographers, of making his hero come to life before us. The result, in some respects, is surprising. Certainly it would have surprised, and a little shocked, poor James. For this Turgenev, with his innumerable, really innumerable, love-affairs, his sundry illegitimate children (toward whom he was a little casual), his *passades*, and his one lifelong devotion to the singer, Mme. Viardot, is obviously not quite the sort of beautiful genius with whom James could have been socially at ease. This is not to say that Turgenev was merely a sensualist: he was also a senti-

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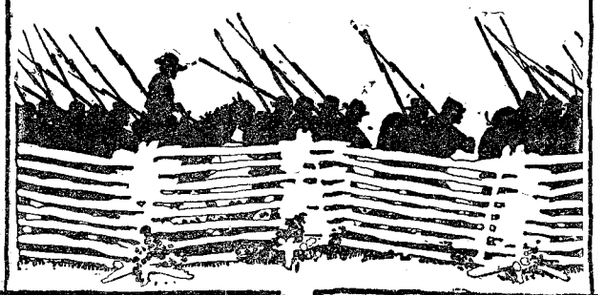

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mentalist; and to this part of his nature James could have responded—and did, in the novels, respond—with enthusiasm. Turgenev was, indeed, as profoundly sentimental, or nostalgic, in his attitude toward women, as he was in his attitude toward the country of his birth; to neither could he be anything but intermittently faithful. Incapable of living in Russia, on his family estate, he was also incapable of living happily anywhere else. His whole life, whether in Paris or Baden, was a kind of sentimental exile. Proud as he was of being a "good European," and much as he urged his fellow countrymen to follow him thus westward, nevertheless he kept his eyes turned toward the East, and his returns to Russia, though always brief, were almost annual. Rightly or wrongly, he felt that Russia and the Russians were the only themes of which he could write. Furthermore, he felt a deep sense of *obligation,* moral and social, to make these his themes. And his periodic visits were in the nature of a "touching of earth," a renewed immersion, in order that his grasp of the scene might not become insecure or inaccurate. What he no longer clearly understood or remembered, he returned to with a note-book. And it was, of course, precisely his sense of having unfilially betrayed his native land that forced him to write of nothing else. His conscience troubled him, and he was never capable, as James was in a similar predicament, of taking the next step, and finding an adequate theme in the international limbo to which his passion for a more civilized life than the Russian had driven him.

It was perhaps to this curious fixation, this inability to overcome a sentimental obsession, which is the peculiar fate of exiles, that the obvious defects of his novels are traceable. Turgenev was not at all by nature a sociological novelist: it was only a series of accidental and (in a sense) external forces that compelled him, time after time, to take for his theme the struggles of the young Russian liberals to move feudal Russia in the direction of democracy. He disapproved of serfdom, he sympathized with the peasants, and he fell, while a young man, under the influence of certain radicals—under that influence producing the most effective (socially) of his books, "A Sportsman's Sketches." But no one can read any of his books today without realizing that neither his heart nor his talent lay in this direction. We do not need to know that, in his private dealings with his contemporaries, he showed himself to be as convictionless as a weathercock, quite as eager to run with the hare as to hunt with the hounds; it is distressingly clear in "On the Eve," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil" that he only dealt with his country's social problems out of a sense of duty. One does not believe in his romantic radicals, or his caricatured radicals either, for a minute; and his handling of the whole political scene is superficial, amateurish, and unconvincing.

What Turgenev *could* do, and what he did do intermittently, was to write exquisite poetico-naturalistic love-stories about exquisite but highly romanticized and perfumed young ladies. It is true that Chekhov found these scented young ladies quite intolerable—as he remarked, "all Turgenev's girls and women are insufferable in their artificiality, and—forgive my saying it—falsity. Liza and Elena are not Russian girls, but some sort of Pythian prophetesses, full of extravagant pretensions. . . . When one thinks of Tolstoy's Anna Karenin, all these young ladies of Turgenev's, with their seductive shoulders, fade away into nothing." That is perhaps a little severe; for Chekhov, with his aim to "paint life as it is, but beyond that—nothing at all," stood too far from Turgenev to be able to do him entire justice. Nevertheless, the stricture is valuable in its suggestion that the usual view of Turgenev as a great "realist" is not quite sound. More exactly, he was a psychological poet, a romantic and sentimentalist, who used prose narrative as his medium, and who, as he notably lacked inventive power, had recourse to copious and detailed documentation both as regards character and incident. The result is a very peculiar and charming blend of romance and realism, and an alternation, not so charming, of characterization (often extremely fine) with the flimsiest of caricature. And his lack of robust inventive power was compensated for by (if it did not actually induce) an economy which occasionally resulted in an exquisiteness of form almost unmatched in fiction.

One wishes a little that Mr. Yarmolinsky had sought, somewhat more than he does, the psychological roots of Turgenev's work in his life. Might he not, in this connection, have given us a few more of Turgenev's really admirable letters? And then there is Turgenev's mother, of whom we are given an astonishing portrait—a powerful Tartar of a woman, passionately and tyrannously devoted to her wayward son, barbaric, cruel, affectionate, terrifyingly intelligent, and endowed with an extraordinarily acute sense of character. This woman, one feels, had a lot to answer for in her son's attitude toward his country and toward his art. One almost feels, indeed, that she had a sort of greatness which her more gifted son only once or twice echoed—notably in his magnificent "Lear of the Steppes." It is a remarkable woman who could address her son as "ma chère fille, ma Jeannette," who could call herself his "most tender father and friend," and who could write to him, while he was staying in Berne: "Your uncle is afraid that while in Berne you may commit *de l'inceste.* When he stayed in Berne he was very friendly with the girls there, and that was sixteen years ago."

CONRAD AIKEN.

Speech and Verbal Thought in Childhood

The Language and Thought of the Child, by Jean Piaget. Translated by Marjorie Warden. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 246 pages. $3.75.

WHAT happens when children talk to each other? Do their words leap from mind to mind and establish at once a freemasonry of perfect understanding, in a world of wonder from which the too precise adult is barred by reason of his pedantry? We know, from our daily observation, that a handful of normal children, but newly met, will soon attain to intimacy in a web of verbal excitement. But is this web a finely woven context of mutual comprehension, or is it but the happiness of a common illusion? And what of the very nature of childish speech? Is it but a phase in the much discussed technique of communication by means of verbal symbols? And what of a child's questions? Do they invariably require an answer, and is a "why" all it sounds like?

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restrained. It is unavoidable that, in interpreting his material, M. Piaget is often led to questions of fundamental import to the solution of larger problems than he seems to set himself. He is aware of all these implications, but wisely refrains from foraging too extensively in the domains of primitive mentality, the nature of language expression, the relation between verbalism and thought, and allied subjects. From among the many rich suggestions brought by the book, we shall select but three for the very briefest comment.

In the first chapter, which deals with "the functions of language in two children of six," the material is classified into two groups, egocentric speech and socialized speech. The former group includes repetition, monologue, and "collective monologue" (in which "an outsider is always associated with the action or thought of the moment, but is expected neither to attend nor to understand"); the latter includes "adapted information," criticism, commands and requests, questions, and answers. If we exclude answers as due to the more obvious demands of the environment and then divide the total of examples of egocentric language by the total of egocentric plus "spontaneous socialized" language, we get a rough "coefficient of egocentrism," a general index of the child's spontaneous functional attitude to language. M. Piaget's figures are interesting. They give the two children who were selected for special study coefficients of egocentrism of 0.43 and 0.47. In plain terms, this means that, as late as the age of six, and after, the child is using language, the communicative technique *par excellence* of adult life, for non-communicative purposes, in close on half the cases in which he uses it at all. This generalization is of great interest, for it helps to give the lie to those theories of linguistic form and development which explain all phenomena of language in terms of its overt communicative function. There is not the slightest doubt that, long before directed communication has shaped itself as the most typical, if not the only, use of speech, the child has already mastered everything that is essential in its content and build. The rapidly growing need of communication utilizes an intuitively apprehended symbolism which has been serving all manner of autistic and expressive purposes. M. Piaget's researches confirm the linguist's feeling that language is, first and foremost, an unconsciously developing esthetic whole, only in the second instance a merely functional organization, though he does not stress this point himself.

Equally fascinating are the chapters devoted to the conversations of young children among themselves, and to the problem of mutual understanding. On the basis of experiments at once simple and ingenious, the author shows that children do not understand each other nearly so well as we might have imagined, but that they are under the chronic illusion that they make themselves perfectly clear, and that they get out of a communication precisely what it was intended to communicate. The foundations of faith, of inward certainty, and of a social cohesion that needs no critical warrant are thus securely laid in childhood. Only an up-to-the-minute intellectualist would doubt that it is well that this should be so.

In the last chapter of the book, there is a somewhat elaborate analysis of the questions of a child of six. The "whys" are in a significant majority. But it would be wrong to infer that the child is obsessed by a thirst for casual explanations or logical justification, in the true meaning of these terms. What he often desires is really a psychological motivation. Here, again, we see the child as an egocentric, projecting into the cold, meaningless world of mechanical causality a more naïvely intelligible world of motive.

EDWARD SAPIR.

Revolutionary Turkey

Turkey, by Arnold J. Toynbee and Kenneth P. Kirkwood. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 328 pages. $3.

TURKEY and the Turks are unchanging, in the mind of conventional writers on the Near East, especially when the latter are possessed of a Christian or Nordic bias. However much the Turks may alter their institutions and their mode of life, they are depicted as the same old Turks, wolves in sheep's clothing. And yet the fact of the matter is that the Turks have changed and are changing; if there be doubting Thomases, let them read this admirable volume by Messrs. Toynbee and Kirkwood. What is here described is a Turkish revolution—a revolution which not merely overturned political institutions, but which struck at the roots of Ottoman society in all of its branches; a revolution which was no mere change in dynasty, but a social upheaval similar to that in France in 1789 and in Russia in 1917. This is not to say that the millennium has arrived in Turkey, for, like all revolutions—and, more particularly, intensely nationalistic revolutions—the Turkish Revolution has had its unlovely aspects. In particular, under republican institutions it has now evolved an effective dictatorship, which for a time, at least, maintained itself by means of a stark and hungry terrorism. But, for all that, there has clearly been born a new Turkey, as unlike that of the Sultans as the Russia of the Soviets is unlike the Russia of the Tsars.

Although this volume is the work of two authors, it exhibits none of the variations of style and content which sometimes are so obvious in coöperative efforts of the kind. To be sure, there are certain sections which one can identify, by the sweeping historical perspective of the trained and experienced scholar, as the work of Professor Toynbee; among these is the introductory section of fifty-eight pages, dealing with the impact of the West upon Turkish society, the consequent disintegration of the Ottoman Empire, and the origins of liberal and nationalist revolutionary ideas among the younger Turks. Few students can lay claim to the fatherhood of as many fresh and original interpretations of Near Eastern history as Professor Toynbee, and this volume serves only to confirm his earlier reputation. There are certain sections of the book, as well, which may be identified as the work of Mr. Kirkwood, notably the final half-dozen chapters dealing with the changing social and economic order under the republic. Mr. Kirkwood lived for two years at Smyrna, where he was an instructor in the International College (an American institution), and it is apparent that he made good use of his time. He is quite clearly a competent journalist and a promising young historical scholar. Both Professor Toynbee and Mr. Kirkwood are sympathetic with the colossal revolutionary experiment now in progress in Anatolia; had they not been, they obviously would not have undertaken to write this book. But they are not uncritical or over-optimistic, and, in spite of gratuitous charges by certain English reviewers, they are not "pro-Turk," whatever that cognomen may signify.

What is this Turkish Revolution which the authors describe? It began in 1908, with the revolt of the Committee of Union and Progress against the tyrannical regime of Abdul Hamid. At that time, the slogans of 1789—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—were projected into an Ottoman Empire which belonged to the middle of the eighteenth century. When one reads the record, he is impressed less by

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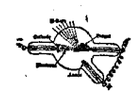

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the immediate achievements of the revolution of 1908-1909 than by the fact that it paved the way for the more thorough-going upheaval of a decade later. In the interval, the Ottoman Empire was precipitated into a world war which resulted in the loss of more than a million lives, which reduced Turkey to the limited confines of a small national state, and which shook all Turkish institutions to their foundations. They live in a fool's paradise who cannot see that Turkey could no more remain unchanged by the Great War than could any of the other belligerents; the change in the status of women, for example, which was common to all the warring nations, was made almost inevitable in Turkey by reason of the heavy losses sustained in the army by battle and disease; the women of Turkey had to be emancipated from the veil and the harem, if for no other reason than that their economic services were indispensable to a nation impoverished by war. Defeat, furthermore, discredited the imperial regime at Constantinople, as it discredited the imperialists at Berlin, Vienna, and Petrograd; the deposition of the Sultan and the establishment of the republic at Angora were logical consequences of the collapse of the Central Powers. What Messrs. Toynbee and Kirkwood have here so eloquently described is the manner in which the old order first toppled and then collapsed. Nothing was sacred—capitulations, Caliphate, religious communities, archaic education, obsolescent social institutions, foreign financial control, "reparations," all crumbled into dust, to the mutual astonishment and horror of the outside world and the reactionaries at home. The attempts of the powers at Lausanne to retain some of their vested interests were but feeble efforts to dam Niagara. This volume might profitably be read by statesmen concerned at the moment with extra-territoriality, customs control and the like in China; the Chinese are hardly likely to ignore the Turkish experience, as the recent visit of Minister Sze to Angora testifies.

And the *dramatis personae* of this revolutionary pageant are made to live by Messrs. Toynbee and Kirkwood. They have given admirable pictures of Mustapha Kemal, that extraordinary military genius, who organized victory out of defeat, who dared give expression to revolutionary ideas, who defied the powers of Europe, who crushed out domestic dissent, and who is now immersed in problems of economic reconstruction in his role of president-dictator. Perhaps no less important, in a sense, is Halidé Edib, courageous feminist, chronicler and novelist of the revolution of 1919-1924, soldier in her own right, and withal a product of that western education which the authors believe has done so much for the cause of a new womanhood in Turkey. Then there are Ismet Pasha, soldier, diplomatist, statesman; Dr. Adnan Bey, a physician diverted by the force of events to revolutionary politics; the Rooseveltian young naval officer Raouf, much too independent to be considered altogether safe at Angora; Fethi Bey, diplomatist, and Hussein Jahid, revolutionary journalist. These and others are vivid figures in the pages of this volume. But towering over them all is the heroic figure of the simple, sober, hard-working Anatolian peasant, who provides the nation's bread in time of peace and its cannon-fodder in time of war. One has a feeling, after reading this book, that the Turkish peasant will be less cruelly exploited under the new regime than he was under the old. Unconcerned as the peasant is with matters of high politics, he asks only for reasonable security of life, liberty, and happiness. If he obtains a modicum of this security under the republic, then all the horrors of the war and all the excesses of the revolution will have been justified.

EDWARD MEAD EARLE.

Pirandello

Shoot! (Si Gira): The Notebooks of Serafino Gubbio, Cinematograph Operator, by Luigi Pirandello. Authorized Translation from the Italian by C. K. Scott Moncrieff. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Luigi Pirandello, by Walter Starkie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 276 pages. $3.

PIRANDELLO has spent his literary career like a squirrel in a cage, running round and round inside one dominating idea. Each new play or novel is usually a fresh demonstration of it. His characters discuss it among themselves and exemplify it for the reader. At intervals, the author throws in extra paragraphs, restating it himself in fresh metaphors. The characters as individuals do not exist. In time, Pirandello will probably be content to label them Mr. Somebody and Mrs. Nobody, and let them dance. In this play the idea's the thing.

Since this particular idea is one which runs into confusion as fast as the swine into the sea, his audiences are likely to think that there are many ideas involved. But the key is always the same: The world we see and handle is not the world of reality but of appearances (Plato), and it is useless to hope that one may ever know reality (not Plato). As a corollary, Pirandello finds that a person is never a continuous individual, but something worse than a chameleon. He is merely a surface on the sea of being, and to try to fix his nature is like trying to take home a wave. In short, every last one of us lives in isolation, making subjective universes fresh every second and hoping that they will somehow have some objective value. Obviously, this is a fact which has forced itself for thousands of years on the attention of men who have questioned the sources of their own thoughts. Pirandello has realized some of the implications of it, and his realization has exploded in about sixty volumes.

Since the key to his plays or stories is an intellectual one, a second misapprehension on the part of audiences is to think that the plays themselves are "intellectual." And in America, where ideas are treated as news rather than as something to be considered, a new play by Pirandello is usually mentioned with a solemn face—and a modest reticence which implies that the thought is too subtle to repeat. The fact is that there is no intellectual development of the idea within the plays at all. Pirandello sees that we are lost in a maze, and finding no thread to guide him out, scurries up one corridor and down another. His attitude is the natural one of each of us when we get inklings of the situation he has realized: he is frightened, resentful, desperate and humiliated. "A man who is alive," he writes in "Shoot!" "when he is alive, *does not see himself:* he lives. . . . To see how one lived would indeed be a ridiculous spectacle!" This is the source of the grimace in all his humor. He has presented the situation in many ways, turning its incongruities sometimes into tragedy and sometimes into burlesque. His favorite symbols, which he has used again and again, are play-acting and madness. Each of his books simmers down to an exclamation: "Good God, my friends, don't you realize that we are in the ludicrous role of blind marionettes?" And in "Shoot!" the latest of his novels to be translated, he has found the perfect symbol for life as he sees it in the unreality of the moving-picture screen.

Being a Sicilian, he presents this situation with melodrama, wit, suiciding lovers and beautiful adventuresses. The story of "Shoot!" does not particularly matter, but the

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reader can be assured of finding it much like a movie itself—a movie which includes the movie operator. There is passion, a beautiful and cruel Russian actress known as la Nesteroff, a real live tiger who supplies the dénouement—and a character who stands aside and quotes Pirandello. In fact, if you can imagine a scenario written by Aldous Huxley and acted by Pola Negri, you have something of the blend, except that Pirandello is more serious, since he realizes that this unreality includes even the author, whereas Mr. Huxley has not yet applied his thinking to himself.

This presentation, however, is not an intellectual development of the idea. As I have intimated above, the content of Pirandello's sixty volumes is condensed by Plato into one famous simile which occupies a half-dozen pages, and in which shadows flicker on the wall of a cave as they do on Pirandello's movie screen. But having stated the situation, Plato then looked backward to trace its origins and forward to see if there was not some method which would carry knowledge beyond shadows. As everyone who has read him must have noticed, he became confused as soon as he tried to state his solution. The problem was one for practical psychology, and Plato contented himself with intellectual speculation. We know that in dealing with this matter he drew his ideas from Pythagoras, who was himself a psychologist and not a metaphysician. Since Plato, the entire problem of appearance and reality has been made the subject of so much metaphysical speculation—where the very terms in which it is stated preclude any chance of dealing with it—that it has become discredited and classed with the question as to which came first, the chicken or the egg. Nevertheless, it remains a practical problem for every man who lives, and since the metaphysicians have shown themselves helpless before it, the psychologists will sooner or later have to deal with it. As long as it lies unmet at the bottom of all their collections of physiological data, the conclusions of their most "objective" studies are predestined to be subjective. At present, the psychologists prefer to shrug their shoulders like Pilate and walk away to busy themselves with details of administration. When they do grapple with the matter, the first step will, no doubt, have to be the formulation of a new method—a scientific approach to being as something which involves knowing but cannot be measured by it alone. Pirandello plucks at their sleeve and begs them to consider the matter.

The preceding paragraph may appear to be a digression in a literary review. But it is only to the extent that the reader personally realizes that the problems of being and individuality actually exist for each of us that Pirandello's books are anything more than senseless melodrama. Pirandello himself is interested in these questions to the exclusion of all the usual subjects of novelists and playwrights; and it is this which makes him both interesting and unique in contemporary literature. It is this which has also given rise to a third misapprehension concerning him as an artist: that since he is obviously stirring up a profound question, his books must somehow be profound as art. I hope it is clear by now that the use Pirandello makes of his material is comparatively superficial. It is true that his novels and plays are brilliant and entertaining, but he has never given his idea time to incubate. A work of art embodies its thought so that it is inseparable from the word and gesture which present it. Pirandello's books remain marginal illustrations of an idea.

Professor Starkie's work is a laborious and repetitious collection of all the facts he has been able to find concerning the dates, editions and plots of Pirandello's plays, short stories and novels. It will be useful to anyone who wishes

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to study the Sicilian's career, but it is a book to be referred to rather than read.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

The Responsibility of Nations

Five Weeks, The Surge of Public Opinion on the Eve of the Great War, by Jonathan French Scott. New York: John Day Company. 303 pages. $2.50.

THE body of this book is concerned with a painstaking and thorough survey of public opinion in the leading European states during the five weeks following the assassination of the Austrian Archduke. There is nothing else like it in the literature on the origins of the War, and the author is to be congratulated on his perseverance in working through thousands of pages of small print, in many different languages, as well as on the masterly way in which he has digested a tremendous mass of material into a brief and lucid exposition. This book is not only readable, it is positively fascinating and refreshing, for anyone who has interested himself in the problem of war origins.

Mr. Scott's researches have led to rather astonishing revelations in regard to the public reaction to the events of July, 1914. It would be impossible to compress what he has given into even briefer scope, but, summarily stated, his investigation pictures the Austrian and German press as comparatively moderate in the days preceding the submission of the Austrian note to Serbia on July 23. In the later days, the Austrian opinion became outspokenly belligerent, while the German attitude became confused, a peculiar mixture of disapproval, resignation and loyalty to the allied power. In both countries, an astounding optimism prevailed in regard to the probable stand of Russia, France and England. Quite in contrast was the attitude of the Russian and French press: the Russians almost from the beginning siding with the Serbs, and after July 23 almost unanimously in favor of drastic and uncompromising action; the French press surprisingly uniform in its attitude—pronouncedly Serbophile from the start, unwavering in its support of the alliance with Russia, and immovable in its conviction of German complicity. And most puzzling of all, the popular reaction in England, at first, on the whole, condemnatory of the Serbs and sympathetic toward the Austrian view, even after the publication of the Austrian note; all the way through, outspokenly pacific, but beginning to waver after the Serbian reply and especially after the Austrian declaration of war on July 28; gradually awakening to a realization of the larger issues involved and coming to an appreciation of the impossibility of deserting England's friends; finally presenting a united front after the German declarations of war and the violation of the neutrality of Luxemburg and Belgium.

Had Mr. Scott contented himself with an exposition of the various viewpoints and their evolution, and of the factors which tended to sway the group mind now this way, now that, there would be no fault to find with his book. Unfortunately, a perfectly legitimate desire to make use of his material has led him to the formulation of conclusions which must be seriously called in question. He believes that in the recent literature many revisionist writers have shown a tendency to fix responsibility for the catastrophe on this or that statesman or group of statesmen: the Kaiser, Poincaré, Berchtold, Sazonov or even Grey.

It is the contention of the writer that the influence of public opinion in certain countries during the diplo-

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> matic crisis of the summer of 1914 was the most important factor in precipitating the War,

he remarks at the very beginning, and his book closes with an even more positive assertion:

> In the surge of public opinion in the various countries, and not in the orders and telegrams of statesmen and diplomats, lies the fundamental explanation of the disastrous outcome of the crisis.

In spite of this, he admits that

> public opinion itself is somewhat nebulous. Its boundaries can not be marked out with exactitude. It shades off into governmental action at one end, into private opinion at the other.

He recognizes also that public opinion was a very different thing in different countries: in England and Russia, for example, and that the press, which is almost the only reliable instrument for measuring this indefinable something, is known to have been at times under the influence of the governments. In the continental countries, at least, this reptilian influence was, in the reviewer's opinion, very much more extensive than the writer seems inclined to believe. And then there is always the question whether public opinion really finds expression in the press or whether the press makes what is conveniently called public opinion.

More to the point is the fact that Mr. Scott's own book does not justify his conclusions. There was divergence of opinion in every country, and in none could one speak of anything approaching unanimity. At best, the governments would have had to make a choice. Any policy would have found some support. Curiously enough, the labor and socialist opinion, which was as well organized as any, and had a very large part of the population behind it, failed to force a pacifist policy, and was almost everywhere ignored. In the end, even England went into the struggle, with the Manchester Guardian and the Nation protesting. On the other hand, there is little enough evidence in this book that the policies of the governments were molded in accordance with the prevailing general sentiment. In England this was more true than elsewhere, but the author himself confesses that

> it cannot be said that the Austrian authorities adopted their policy of force at the instance of an overwhelming popular demand.

In Germany, the blank check of July 5 was by no means dictated by public pressure in favor of Austria; in fact, the noisiest part of the German press was anything but Austrophile. In Russia, so-called public opinion was restricted to a small but influential intelligentsia. It was the Pan-Slav or Neo-Slav group that put pressure on the government. On Mr. Scott's theory, the Russian government was forced into war, and it would follow, then, that all the Russian negotiations with Austria were nothing but camouflage. Mr. Scott is probably wrong in assuming the innocence of the Russian statesmen, and he is almost certainly wrong in assuming the danger of revolution in case of Russian compliance. The Neo-Slavs and Cadets did not make the revolution even in 1917, under greater pressure. The real danger of revolution came from internationally inclined proletarians. As for France, it is difficult to believe that pacifist sentiment should have counted for so little. If Mr. Scott's picture of French opinion is correct, one wonders why Poincaré was so anxious not to divulge the terms of

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the Franco-Russian Alliance. In the diplomatic documents, France appears as outspokenly peaceful, a country that literally had to be maneuvered into war.

In short, it is hard to believe that the author has proved anything. Bismarck and other great statesmen continually flouted public opinion, and depended on ultimate success to justify an unpopular policy. As a survey of public sentiment, Mr. Scott's book is admirable and valuable, but, in the reviewer's mind, it shows, if anything, that the European countries did not offer a very determined opposition to war in 1914, and that, in the earlier days of the crisis, the statesmen ran ahead of the public, while in the later days they lagged behind. For the most part, their policies were not based upon a popular demand. They carried the public with them, and in the end jeopardized their own efforts for peace.

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Contributors

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